THE

BOX-LOBBY CHALLENGE,

A COMEDY.

As performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL, HAY-MARKET.

WRITTEN BY

RICHARD CUMBERLAND, Esq.

NOS HÆC NOVIMUS ESSE NIHIL.

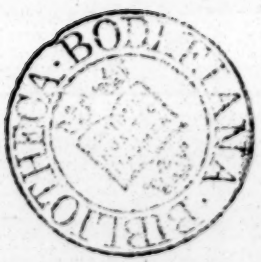
THE FIFTH EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. DEBRETT, OPPOSITE BURLINGTON-HOUSE, PICCADILLY.

[PRICE 1s. 6d.]

(Entered at Stationer's-Hall.)


BIBLIOTHECA·BODLEIANA

PROLOGUE.

Written by the Hon. FRANCIS NORTH.

AS ſome fond father, who a bantling rears,
Feels nought but pleaſure in his tender years;
His tricks at ſchool, and all the pranks he plays,
E'en the boy's foibles then excite his praiſe.
A little ſpirit well becomes a youth;
Jack, though unlucky, always ſpeaks the truth.
But when arriv'd at a maturer age,
He launches Jackey upon life's great ſtage:
With joy elate, with anxious fears depreſt,
What hopes and horrors fill a parent's breaſt!
E'er yet he dares to caſt the dangerous die,
And ſhew his darling to the public eye,
The hopes of all his future joy he ſends,
To viſit ſome, *he knows* to be his friends:
Surly exclaims, eat up with gout and ſpleen,
The ſtripling's well enough, but much too lean;
He'll be ſhort liv'd, he has his mother's cough,
A galloping conſumption took her off.
Is this Sir Jacob's ſon? Old *Toothleſs* cries,
The boy is of a moſt alarming ſize:
Such o'ergrown monſters never can be ſtrong;
Don't tell his father, but he can't live long.
So when the bard at firſt prepares his play,
His heart beats high, and all his proſpects gay:
'Tis done, 'tis done, the enraptured poet cries,
The labour's over, I ſhall graſp the prize;
Snarler, upon whoſe word I can depend;
Snarler, ſhall ſee it, he's indeed a friend.
How do you like my piece?—good critic ſay?
Nay do not flatter; don't you like the play?
Why yes, Sir,—ch—the thing is well enough;
Is it not good? Humph, yes—what curſed ſtuff!
I think, my friend, the play-houſe will be cramm'd!
I think ſo too—and think your play 'll be damn'd.

At length the night, the aweful night enſues,
Fatal to many an offspring of the muſe:
The father bids his fancy's child appear,
And hopes to meet no friendly ſnarler here;
Moral his boy, if entertaining too,
His fortune's fairly made when judg'd by you.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GEORGE WATERLAND,	Mr. CAULFIELD.
CAPTAIN WATERLAND,	Mr. BARRYMORE.
Sir TOBY GRAMPUS,	Mr. AICKIN,
'SQUIRE ROBERT,	Mr. SUETT.
OLD CROTCHET,	Mr. BADDELLEY.
JACK CROTCHET,	Mr. BANNISTER, Jun.
FULSOME,	Mr. BLAND.
JONES,	Mr. MADDOCKS.
JOE,	Mr. BENSON.
WAITER at the HOTEL,	Mr. COOKE.
HAIR-DRESSER,	Mr. WALDRON, Jun.
LADY JANE DANVERS,	Mrs. GIBBS.
DIANA GRAMPUS,	Mrs. HARLOWE.
LÆTITIA RAYNER,	Mrs. GOODALL.
THEODOSIA, Wife to CROTCHET,	Mrs. HOPKINS.
LINDAMIRA,	Miſs DE CAMP.

SCENE—London.

THE

BOX-LOBBY CHALLENGE.

A COMEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Back Room to a Printer's Office, CROTCHET with a Table before him in his Chair reading. THEODOSIA enters from the Side.

CROTCHET, THEODOSIA.

Theod. NOBODY in the office? Nobody to tend the trade? Mr. Crotchet, what are you about?

Crotch. Reading.

Theod. Is that a printer's buſineſs?

Crotch. No, but what can I do with my authors? No one elſe reads them, ſo I muſt.

Theod. Get a freſh ſet, and clear away your old hacknies; they are crippled, founder'd, work'd off their legs—

Crotch. And ſtarv'd. Has *Fulſome* call'd with his dedication?

Theod. No.

Crotch. Muſt the preſs ſtand ſtill till that fellow's mud depoſits? What did *Slang* want in the office?

Theod. Credit for a quire of foolscap.

Crotch. You didn't give it him?

Theod. Who had been the fool then? Where's our Jacky?

Crotch. Up all night, abed all morning; a whelp, a blockhead as he is, I thought to have made a great man of him, and educated him accordingly. I ſet him out in the world as printer's devil to one of the firſt preſſes in the capital.

Theod. And a pretty devil he has been ever ſince.

Crotch. I then gave him a ſpell with our neighbour the rag-merchant, at next door.

Theod. What could he learn there?

Crotch. What could he learn? the elements of his trade, the embryo of all good writing before it goes to the paper-mill. He might have ſtudied letters at the foundery itſelf, and the moſt valuable part of the chief libraries in the kingdom at the bookbinders: Nobody can ſay I baulk'd Jack in his education.

Theod. Why didn't you give him ſome grammar-ſchool learning?

Crotch. What good had that done him? Learning only cramps the genius, and grammar does but cripple the ſtile: Give me an author of a free clear mind. Why isn't he up in his cock-loft now with pen an ink? There's freſh air that would help his fancy. There he might court the muſes and the graces.

Theod. Inſtead of which he courts them in the ſtreets to the muſic of the watchman's rattle.

Crotch. It ſeems then that he makes ſome noiſe in the world.

Theod. By the way, huſband, what is this new work of Fulſome's which you are printing?

Crotch. A Treatiſe on Education.

Theod. Has that fellow any wit?

Crotch. He has cunning, which is couſin-german to it. Fulſome was uſher to a country ſchool, he married the *femme de chambre* of a rich dowager, who took him into her family, and made him bear-leader to her booby ſon; he danc'd him a tour thro' Europe, and publiſh'd it in two quarto volumes at his return, pirated from the journals of other travellers, and ſtuffed with drawings of temples, bridges, aqueducts and amphitheatres, moſt of which he had never ſeen, and none of which he had ever examin'd: The book ſold, and with the profits of that and a ſmall penſion Fulſome makes a ſhift to live.

Theod. Enough! I ſee him entering the office.

Enter FULSOME.

FULSOME, CROTCHET, THEODOSIA.

Ful. I kiſs your hands, worthy Mr. Crotchet; I pray you lay me at the feet of your amiable ſpouſe.

Crotch. Compliments apart, let us to buſineſs.—Where's your Dedication of the Treatiſe?

Ful. In the hands of the Dedicatee, Mrs. or Miſs Diana Grampus, I proteſt I know not by which title to addreſs her, for ſhe is a virgin in the bloom of half an hundred; vain, rich, pedantic, and not a little partial to your humble ſervant.

Crotch. But what is this to our buſineſs?

Ful. Patience, *padrone mio!* it is to your buſineſs: in the firſt place you muſt think a Dedication of this ſort, where all the virtues, not to be found in her character, are to be hammer'd out of my brain, is no perfunctory job: in the next I muſt tell you, that I have an intereſt in Di Grampus, on which I mean to found a project for making the fortune of a friend of mine.

Crotch. Meaning yourſelf, I ſuppoſe. *(aſide.*

Ful. My heroine has a nephew, the only ſon of Sir Toby Grampus, now coming to town for the purpoſe of putting this uneducated cub under her protection: I have recommended the tour of Italy, and the propoſal takes.

Crotch. So you're going to lead another bear round the world.

Ful. Not ſo, my travels are finiſhed, and I have made over my intereſt to your ſon John.

Crotch. My ſon! my ſon Jack a travelling tutor!

Theod. And why not, Mr. Crotchet?

Crotch. Becauſe I think his travels point to a quarter where few young gentlemen go for education.

Ful. Don't be diſcouraged; I hold it for an axiom, that every man is fit for every thing he can get. John is giddy to be ſure, but with a few of my inſtructions he will paſs: He does not want addreſs.

Crotch. Call it impudence, and you are right.

Theod. For ſhame, huſband; he has no more impudence

than a man of faſhion ſhould have. I wiſh indeed he had the languages.

Ful. Why that, perhaps, that wou'd be well if he had; but I hope it will be got over—a foreign lacquey muſt ſupply that defect: If he is ignorant of the living languages we muſt puff him the more for his knowledge of the dead ones.

Crotch. Dead ones indeed, and dead they will remain for ever, if they wait for his bringing them to life.

Ful. Why, ſurely he had an univerſity education.

Crotch. You are laughing at me, methinks; you know well enough what education he has had.

Ful. True, true, as you ſay, my zeal there went a little too far, for I told Mrs. Diana he was a ſcholar of the firſt claſs at Cambridge, carried all the prizes, all the medals; it was an error on the right ſide, for ſhe believes it, and it is not our buſineſs to undeceive her: We muſt ſtand by what we have ſaid. But where is he all this while?

Crotch. Where he always is till noon; faſt aſleep.

Ful. Let him take his nap out. Send him to me as ſoon as he is dreſt: let him come to my lodgings; I'll give him his cue and carry him to Di Grampus, where I warrant you we will clinch the buſineſs. Good morning to you! I ſhall expect him about noon. (*Exit.*

CROTCHET, THEODOSIA.

Crotch. The fellow's mad.

Theod. You are, methinks, to ſtand in the way of your ſon's preferment.

Crotch. Jack Crotchet a travelling tutor! Was there ever ſuch a chimera?

Theod. Many ſuch, and ſucceſsful ones. Our Jack has a good deal of ready wit, knows the world, has no falſe modeſty, and with good cloaths on his back is a perſonable fellow: Who is more likely to make his fortune among ladies of a certain caſt?

Crotch. Egad, Theodoſia, thou haſt ſtruck the only flint that has any fire in it. I begin to think better of the project than I did. Call him up, however; call him up: We can ſoon rig him out from the warehouſe.

Theod. Why, Jacky; Jacky, I ſay—Jacky Crotchet!

Enter

Enter JACK, *in total diſhabille.*

JACK, CROTCHET, THEODOSIA.

Jack. What's the matter with you? here am I, ſet me a chair, mother! (*yawns and ſtretches, begins to tye up his garters, and button his cloaths,*) What a bawling you make! Cats and creaking hinges cannot jar my nerves more inſufferably than your Jackey, Jackey! vulgar, puerile, groſs—leave off that familiarity.

Crotch. Where have you been, ſirrah, to be thus bedevil'd?

Jack. Kept it up—prime ſpirits—beſt of company—

Theod. What a figure you have made of yourſelf! why your coat-lappet is all over dirt.

Jack. Yes, the gentleman's ſhoes were not over-clean that made free with it.

Crotch. You have been kickt, have you?

Jack. Box-lobby quarrel, nothing more, gave him my card—never put up with an affront, damme.

Crotch. What do you mean by your card?

Jack. Sword and Piſtol.

Crotch, Zooks! we ſhall have a duel in the houſe.

Jack. No, no, no, you wont; there'll be no duel, unleſs the gentleman, whoſe name is on the ticket, chuſes to fight—always make free with a friend on thoſe occaſions.—Borrow'd this frock-ſuit—found the owner's ticket in the waiſtcoat pocket—carried it off with ſpirit—left the houſe with a high hand—foot ſlipt, tumbled over a fruit-woman—ſav'd half-price, and pocketed three oranges in the ſcramble.

Crotch. You'll ſcramble to the gallows.

Jack. You think ſo—differ from you, much doubt if I ſhall reach the pillory, and that will be a falling-off in the family; one ſtep lower in the ſcale than my predeceſſor.

Crotch. Raſcal, who told you that I have been in the pillory?

Jack. A long-ear'd goddeſs, goſſip Fame, ſays you had ſo many eggs for breakfaſt, you've never had a ſtomach for an omlet ſince.

Crotch. Get out of my preſence, or I'll ſend this volume at your head.

Jack. Better let that alone; you have had enough of pelting, methinks.

Theod.

Theod. Fie upon you, Jackey, treat your father with more reſpect.

Crotch. A miſcreant, a reprobate, to talk to me in ſuch a ſtile—I give him up; I'll have nothing more to ſay to him; I cou'd have made the fellow's fortune for him, but I would not ſtep acroſs the gutter to ſave him from a gibbet. [*Exit.*

THEODOSIA, JACK.

Theod. There, there! now you've ruin'd all. Such an offer, ſuch a lucky hit—do but hear reaſon, and I'll ſtand your friend ſtill.

Jack. Well, well, I will hear reaſon—but he was ſet in the Pillory, was'nt he?

Theod. Prythee, what is that to the purpoſe? Here has been Mr. Fulſome here, who has recommended you to Mrs. Diana Grampus to travel with her nephew.

Jack. Diana Grampus! what ſort of a fiſh is ſhe?

Theod. A fiſh do you call her? ſhe's as rich as a jeweſs, and her nephew is ſon and heir to Sir Toby Grampus, a man of great eſtate.

Jack. How old is Diana?

Theod. About fifty.

Jack. An antiquated goddeſs of fifty: Damme, I'll make up to her.

Theod. How you rattle! mind your own intereſt, and make up to dame fortune.

Jack. No, I'll attack Diana of Epheſus, and ſet fire to her temple;—well, but after all, mother, he was in the pillory; confeſs.

Theod. Hold your tongue about the pillory, and get ſome decent clothes on your back; I'll provide them for you. Come, ſet about dreſſing yourſelf, there's no time to be loſt. You muſt call upon Fulſome at his lodgings, and he will carry you to the lady patroneſs.

Jack. Well, well, get me ſomething for my breakfaſt in the firſt place: Send for a fellow to pinch theſe hang-dogs into buckle, get me a faſhionable ſuit, and I will ſally forth to the chace of Diana: Rat me if I think any old girl of fifty can withſtand me.

Theod. Now, Jack, now is your time; if you will but mind your hits and follow the inſtructions Mr. Fulſome ſhall give you: Dont be rhodomontading in your idle way to

expoſe

expoſe yourſelf to the lady, who will be ſure to find you out. Put on a grave appearance before her, and leave the reſt to your friend: All you have for it is to look wiſe and keep ſilence.

Jack. Say no more, ſay no more; get my breakfaſt, ſet my things to dreſs, and I'll be with you.

Theod. Well then, I'll about it. [*going*

Jack. Hold! a word with you; before I ſtir a foot from this place tell me in plain truth whether the old boy was ſet in the pillory, aye or no.

Theod. Obſtinate, perverſe!—I tell you then he was—now be content, [*exit.*

Jack. That's enough—he was in the pillory. Oh! that I had been in the way to have ſeen him! I am glad I know the truth: I have a fine pull upon him: he has'nt heard the laſt of it I can tell him.—Oho! Lindamira—

Enter LINDAMIRA.

LINDAMIRA, JACK CROTCHET.

Linda. So, rattlebrain, what's the news with you? From what watch-houſe, night-ſtall, or cyder-cellar have you redeem'd that dirty diſſipated perſon of your's to put to ſhame the modeſt eye of day.

Jack. The modeſt eye of day! From what conceited, canting, coxcombly, drab-compos'd novel have you filch'd that ſilly phraſe?

Linda. I filch from none; my phraſes are original, my ſcenes are Nature's ſelf, my ſtile Pactolus rolling over golden ſands. Here is my manuſcript; a novel, picturesque, deſcriptive.—Salvator, Claude, Pouſſin, Vernet, may bluſh to ſee themſelves out done: My ſun, moon, ſtars; my mountains, hills, vales, rivers, lakes; my woods, heaths rocks and ruins, are not dawbings upon canvas, but all embroidered upon cloth of gold.

Jack. I would not give you one farthing for the ſum total of them; I abominate deſcriptions. Have you nature, humour, wit, character? Is your hero a man or a monſter? Your heroine a woman or an angel? Do your people make love, Lindy, as you and I have made it, according to the rules of fleſh and blood; or as Sylphs and Sylphines do out of æther and gas.

Linda.

Linda. Read and reform:

Jack. Why ſhould I do that which my author does not? but come, ſince you are ſo zealous for my reformation, bring your novel with you up ſtairs, and you ſhall read it to me whilſt I dreſs,

Linda. Tis to the toilet of the ladies, not of the men, my compoſitions are addreſs'd.

Jack. Well, and I will carry it to the toilette of the ladies: let me have a ſample of it, and I'll lay you into old Di Grampus for a dedication.

Linda. Diana Grampus! the very lady I am going to, the firſt patroneſs to a dedication in all England. How came you to know her?

Jack. Know her, child! I'm going to be married to her.

Linda. Oh you monſter! you villain! have you forgot your vows, your promiſes to me?

Jack. What's a coming now? Gentle-noveliſt, ruffle not the ſweet ſerenity of your ſoul! Imitate your own heroine:—

Soft as the dew-drop on the bluſhing roſe,
The pearly tear ſhall trickle down your noſe.

Linda. My noſe! you fool, my cheek you ſhould have ſaid.

Jack. Yes, but cheek would not rhime to roſe—ſo come along, for I have no time to loſe.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes.

A Room in an Hotel. A Waiter paſſes over the Stage; JOE follows, carrying his Maſter's cloaths.

Joe. Harkye, you boy! ſkip-jack! tapſter!

Waiter. What do you want, Clodpole? is that your way of ſpeaking to a waiter? I fancy you have been more accuſtomed to alehouſes than hotels.

Joe. Oho! you call your houſe an hotel, and yourſelf a waiter—very well! then pray Mr. Waiter of an hotel, ſend me hither one of your barbers to comb out Sir Toby Grampus's perriwig.—Do you underſtand that?

Waiter.

Waiter. I'll ſend you a hair-dreſſer, we don't call 'em barbers, unleſs we mean to affront 'em. Where the plague have you liv'd. [*exit*

Joe. So, ſo! here's a new language to learn; a man's mother-tongue I perceive is of no uſe in this place.

Enter HAIR-DRESSER.

Your humble ſervant, Sir! pray what am I to call you?

Hair-dreſſer. Did'nt you ſend for a hair dreſſer? where is the gentleman that wants to be dreſs'd?

Joe. There; there he is, upon that block.

Hair-dreſſer. This! this! who does this belong to?

Joe. To my maſter. Whilſt I am bruſhing his coat, you will amuſe yourſelf with combing out his perriwig.

Hair-dreſſer. Dam'mee! if I woud'nt as ſoon comb out the tower lyons, as this rum gig of a caxen.

Joe. Rum gig of a caxen! what's that?

Hair dreſſer. Why 'tis a ſecond edition of Sir Cloudeſly Shovel in the tombs. Your maſter will look for all the world like King Charles in the oak with his buſh at his back, brother Bruſh.

Joe. Brother Bruſh! that's not my name; my name is Joe Threſher; I have lived by that name and none other in Sir Toby Grampus's ſervice theſe thirty years come next Lammas.

Hair-dreſſer. Very right, very right! the threſher you know naturally follows the whale; and which now is of the longeſt ſtanding in the family, you, or that damn'd old quiz of a coat you are duſting?

Joe. Damn'd old quiz of a coat! what a graceleſs reprobate you are! Damme, how you barbers ſwear! where do you expect to go?

Hair-dreſſer. Half the town over before night, then to my girl and my bottle. As for your wig, comb it thoſe that like, I'll not touch a briſtle of it. [*exit*

Joe. Come in, Maſter Bobby, come in.

[*Squire Robert looks in.*

SQUIRE ROBERT, JOE.

Squire. Ah, Joey, my hearty fellow; where's old dad? not bolted yet?

Linda. Read and reform:

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[*Squire Robert looks in.*

SQUIRE ROBERT, JOE.

Squire. Ah, Joey, my hearty fellow; where's old dad? not bolted yet?

Joe. No, no, but I look for him every moment: Prithe, Squire, do you mean to go in that trim to Madam Diana's? They ſay ſhe's main proud, and has a world of fine quality folks at her houſe; ſhe'll turn up her noſe at you in that bumpkin jacket.

Squire. If ſhe don't like the bumpkin as he is, ſhe may leave him; doſt think I'll cut my jacket to her cloth? not I; I'll not wear a tail where my head grows for her or any body.

Joe. But what will you ſay when the pretty Miſſes come to jeer and flout, and call you country putt and the like? You'll be ſpruc'd and powder'd out I warrant me with the beſt of 'em before many days are over your head. I do hear it ſaid, Squire, (but that's between you and me) that Madam Di means to ſend you out upon a progreſs into foreign parts beyond ſeas.

Squire. With all my heart, I love to be moving; all places are alike to me.

Joe. Why that's honeſt; to be ſure 'tis a fine thing to travel from place to place, and ſee ſtrange ſights, and live amongſt wild men and wild beaſts, lions and tygers and mountain cats, as ſome gentlemen tell us of.

Squire. See 'em Joe! by the living I'll ſee 'em and eat 'em too.

Joe. Do, maſter Bobby; if you love me, do eat a lion.

Squire. I will, I'll eat him raw, and haſh the ſnout of an elephant in a rhinoceros's ſhell.

Joe. Oh rare!

Squire. Why I tell you I have been with the rhinoceros this very morning, on purpoſe to make acquaintance with him before we met in his own country. A civil obliging gentleman, ſhow'd me the way, but in his hurry I ſuſpect he miſtook my pocket for his own, for I've left my purſe, watch, and handkerchief behind me; nothing remains in my pocket but three golden pippins, which I ſuppoſe were not to his liking.

[*Exit*

Enter Sir TOBY GRAMPUS *in his Night Gown and Cap.*

SIR TOBY, SQUIRE ROBERT, JOE.

Sir *Toby.* What's a clock, Joe?

Joe. Cloſe upon noon—your honor never lies ſo long in the country.

Sir *Toby.* Nor ſleep ſo little;—ſuch a bawling crew of watchmen; they may be well call'd guardians of the night, for they take care nobody ſhall fall aſleep in it—but come, we muſt buſtle; ſiſter Di will be expecting us—Ah Bob! I did not ſee thee.

Squire. Honor'd father, I beg your bleſſing, [*kneels.*

Sir *Toby.* Bleſs you, bleſs you, my boy, and make you a good man, and an honour to your family!—Help me on with my coat, Joe; you muſt ſtick tight to it now, Bob, and buckle to your buſineſs, and attend to your maſters.

Squire. Oh yes, father, you know I had made ſome progreſs before I left home; I cou'd compaſs a tune or two upon the French horn, and handle the quarter-ſtaff pretty ſmartly.

Sir *Toby.* Pooh, pooh, mun, you muſt think of other matters than french-horns and quarter-ſtaffs—give me my wig.

Squire. Why, is'nt Grandfather painted with a French horn acroſs his ſhoulder in the hunting parlour at home? and who was ſo famous at the quarter-ſtaff as uncle Robert? His name is up I'm ſure in Monmouthſhire, and how ſhould I be an honour to my family if I dont keep up to the ſpirit of it?

Sir *Toby.* Yes, yes, but times are alter'd, Bob, times are alter'd—Why, Sirrah, you have not comb'd this wig out of buckle.

Joe. Pleaſe your honour, here was a prig of a barber came to dreſs it, who ſwore, damn him, he'd as ſoon comb the lions in the Tower: he woudn't touch a briſtle of it—never heard ſuch a reprobate in my days.

Sir *Toby.* Oh, that I had the knave in Monmouthſhire, I'd make him ſing another tune!—But what was I ſaying to you, Bob? Aye, this it was—Times are not as they were, my lad; the good days are over; plain folks are not thought

thought of, and landed gentlemen are little valued but for rearing ſtock and ſowing turnips; fine folks now carry no horns acroſs their ſhoulders, they wear them in other places. A country gentleman of a good eſtate in your grandfather's time, and a baronet, as he was, wou'dn't have troubled his head with Greek and Latin, and laws and politics, farther than oppoſing the miniſter right or wrong, he car'd not which; for why? becauſe he knew it was for the good of his country.

Squire. Very true, father, that comes of courſe.

Sir *Toby.* But now, do you ſee, they will have a reaſon for every thing, aye, and oftentimes ſo many reaſons for the ſame thing, that the plain truth is puzzled by their proveing it. In old times every body ſate ſilent in company with their ſuperiors, nobody ſpoke till they were ſpoken to; no tongue was heard at the table but the maſter's of it; now they are all talkers and no hearers, ſuch a gabble and a din; every priggiſh puppy gives his puppily opinion.

Squire. Very true, father, and ſo long-winded, that it ſets me a yawning. (*yawns.*

Sir *Toby.* This being the caſe, Bob, it's high time for the old families to look about 'em; a true Grampus muſt not let the ſmall fry get over his head; therefore, you ſee, that you may be able to keep pace with the world as it goes, and not to be thrown out of the talk, or made to take every thing upon truſt that people chooſe to talk about, but ſee with your own eyes and judge for yourſelf, I propoſe, by your aunt's advice, to ſend you forth upon your travels; and as you have ſhewn ſuch a talent for muſic, by your performances on the horn, you ſhall ſtart for Italy.

Squire. And what ſhall I ſee there, father?

Sir *Toby.* See! why you'll ſee the Pope of Rome, and the twelve Cæſars, and the naked Venus, and Saint Peter's church, and the burning mountains, and all thoſe ſort of things.

Joe. Oh, good your honour, let maſter Bobby go ſee the crocodiles, and the pyramids, and the rhinoceroſſes, all alive in their own country.

Squire. Yes, pray do; I may ſee them at a cheaper rate there than I can here, and I have a mighty liking for wild beaſts.

Sir *Toby.* Boy, thou ſhalt ſee every thing, and that you may'ſt

may'ſt do nothing at ſecond hand and by halves, I will have thee go to the very head of the Nile, and drink of the ſpring that waters the whole realm of Pharoah.

Squire. Enough ſaid, father. I ſhan't ſeek to go any further, eſpecially if I meet with no better entertainment; I ſhall then be well content to come back into Monmouthſhire, where I can drink out of a cellar, which for my part I prefer to all the ſprings in the creation.

Joe. All the world to nothing: There you are right, Maſter Bobby.

Squire. Let me only have a good companion to drink with me by the way, and not one of your buſhy-wig'd bear-leaders, with a ſour temper and a ſolemn face.

Sir *Toby.* Never fear that, lad; thou ſhalt have no pedagogue nor parſon, to travel with his ſchool books in his pocket, and rummage old walls for inſcriptions, and hunt after tombs. What is it to thee, who never read a line of Virgil, where he lies buried? Thy companion ſhall be a man of faſhion, prudent but chearful, cautious yet good-humour'd, moral but not auſtere; one that has read men more than books, and knows the world, not by the map and the globe, but by obſervation and experience. Such an one I hope to find of ſiſter Di's providing, ſo let us loſe no time but ſet forward. Joe tell the people to call us a coach.

(*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

GEORGE WATERLAND diſcovered ſitting; his Servant JONES attending.

Jones. Captain Waterland is below, Sir, and wiſhes to ſee you.

George. I can't ſee Capt. Waterland; I can ſee nobody. Did not you tell him how ill I am?

Jones. I told him you was ſomewhat indiſpoſ'd.

George.

George. Is that all? Can you look in my face, and ſee the havock that diſeaſe is making, and only ſay I'm ſomewhat indiſpoſed?

Jones. Upon my word, Sir, there are no ſymptoms of diſeaſe in your countenance that I can diſcover.

George. None that you can underſtand I dare ſay, Jones; therefore let my brother up, only caution him againſt noiſe: I muſt not be hurried. [*Exit Jones.*

There is nothing I more dread than Harry Waterland's boiſt'rous ſpirits, they bear him up and cruſh me. Oh! how this younger brother of mine puts me down in all opinions! There's Lady Jane Danvers, tho' our marriage writings wait the ſigning,—takes no pains to conceal the preference ſhe gives him over me:—he has the ſmile, the jeſt, the whiſpers, the familiar playful raillery; I have the graver moments, the dull yawning formalities, that ſeem a taſk of compliment—there is my malady; that's a diſeaſe for which there is no remedy.

Enter Capt. WATERLAND

Capt. *Wat.* Heyday, brother George, what's the matter now? Is this a time to be ſick, when you are on the point of marrying the fineſt woman in England?

George. You think her ſuch I dare ſay; but if you love me Harry, do not ſpeak ſo loud, nor tread ſo heavy; noiſes rack my brain.

Capt. *Wat.* I'll take care; but I hope you are not really indiſpos'd, only a little tremulous, perhaps, as the moment of your bliſs approaches; were I in your caſe, George, my nervous ſyſtem would not be a whit leſs unquiet than your's.

George. Very likely; you are an admirer of Lady Jane's.

Capt. *Wat.* All the world admires her.

George. Happy woman! You attended her to the play laſt night.

Capt. *Wat* I did ſo; and by the way did you hear of the fracas I got into with a quarelſome fellow in the lobby?

George. Not I; but what is that when you've ſo fine a lady in your charge? A quarrel is the luckieſt thing in life, ſets off your gallantry, makes her the talk of the town, and you the happy favourite of the fair whom you defend.

Capt.

Capt. *Wat.* If I thoughi it would do that with the lady I had the honour to defend, O George, how I happy ſhould I be.

George. No more upon this ſubject if you pleaſe.

Capt. *Wat.* Well, I have done.

George. You certainly do not know the ſtate of my feelings, or you would not ſport with them as you do.

Capt. *Wat.* Say no more brother, I have done.

George. I don't wiſh to be told of the charms of Lady Jane: no man can keep the affections of a woman, whoſe charms all other men are praiſing: I want no idol for the world to worſhip.

Capt. *Wat.* Few men in love have your philoſophy.

George. I'm not in love; with beauty at leaſt I'm not in love; a ſympathizing tender friend is what I want: my health is gone; was Lady Jane deſign'd by nature to nurſe a bed-rid cripple?

Enter JONES.

Jones. Lady Jane Danvers is at the door, and deſires to know if you are diſpos'd to accompany her to Hyde-park this morning.

George. Impoſſible! Tell Lady Jane I am not able to ſtir out of my chair: go, tell her ſo. [*Exit Jones.*

Capt. *Wat.* Come, come, don't alarm her with ſuch a meſſage; jump up and tell her ſo yourſelf.

George. Sir, I am at this inſtant ſo totally bereft of all my faculties, that I do not think I cou'd riſe from this ſeat, if the room were in flames.

Capt. *Wat.* Alas! poor George, then I muſt leave you, forpoſitively I muſt ſee Lady Jane.

Gearge. Hold, Sir! I bar that interview. [*ſtarting up.*

Capt. *Wat.* Aſtoniſhing! Are you in your ſenſes?

George. Perhaps not; but I have ſo much reaſon left, as ſerves me to d ſcover what this meeting leads to.

Capt. *Wat.* Then you muſt have an intuition ſupernatural—in the mean while you have found your legs, and yet the houſe is not on fire. I give you joy of your recovery.

Enter JONES.

Jones. Lady Jane Danvers is coming up the ſtairs, Sir! [*Exit.*

George. This is too glaring—too barefac'd.

Enter

Enter LADY JANE.

Lady *Jane.* What is the matter? For the love of heaven, Mr. Waterland, tell me what has happen'd to you; are you wounded—are you hurt? I underſtood from your ſervant, you was not able to ſtir. [*He retires and ſits down.*

No anſwer; what is the meaning of all this? Can you explain it to me.

Capt. *Wat.* Not I; he ſeems very irritable.

Lady *Jane.* Have you had any difference—what has ruffled him?

Capt. *Wat.* I know not; but if you pleaſe I will leave you together: I rather think I am unwelcome.

Lady *Jane.* Don't leave the houſe; I have ſomething to ſay to you about laſt night's affair. [*Exit* Capt. *Wat.*

George. [*riſing and advancing*] Right, madam, 'tis but juſtice to reward the gallant champion, who turns out in the defence of beauty.

Lady *Jane.* You know the ſtory then it ſeems.

George. All the town knows it, or will know it, when ſo fair a lady is the object of a quarrel in a public theatre, and her hero gains ſuch honor and ſuch favor by defending her.

Lady *Jane.* And do you from your knowledge of the lady, think that Harry's gallantry laſt night advanc'd him in her favor?

George. I'm ſure it did, and think ſuch favor cheaply purchas'd at the riſk of my life.

Lady *Jane.* You do?

George. By heaven I do: I never own'd a drop of blood, that I would not have ſhed in her defence; but when I find myſelf thrown off at diſtance from all hope, and ſee thoſe eyes beſtow their ſmiles on him, whoſe ſlighteſt glance would penetrate my heart—'tis torture, 'tis diſtraction: I am loſt.

Lady *Jane.* Why this it is then that deſtroys your health, theſe are your ſufferings, this is your diſtemper.

George. This and none elſe—Go, madam, go to my happy brother; bear him the beauteous prize he fought for, but tell him, when I yield you up———

Lady *Jane.* Me, me! yield me to Harry Waterland?

Hold

Hold there, my friend, I have not given my conſent to that, and he'll not thank you for the compliment.

George. What do you mean? Of whom but you have I been ſpeaking?

Lady *Jane.* If you have heard the ſtory you muſt know Lætitia Rayner was the beauteous prize for which your brother fought.

George. He did not tell me that—And you believ'd that I was ſuffering all theſe agonies for Lætitia—Oh, Lady Jane, am I ſo little known to you?

Lady *Jane.* Oh! Mr. Waterland, am I ſo totally unknown to you—jealous of your brother?—Fie for ſhame!

George. I can't deny it:—circumſtances ſtagger'd me; Harry is a fine fellow; his gaiety amuſes you; my dullneſs damps your ſpirits.

Lady *Jane.* To ſay the truth, ſince you took this freak of jealouſy into your head, you have not been the livelieſt company in the world;—but now let us go to this formidable rival of your's, who is dying to hear ſome news of Lætitia; and if whiſpering in a corner raiſes your bile, depend upon it we ſhall give you enough to colour your complexion before long. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes.

An Apartment in Diana Grampus's Houſe.

DIANA GRAMPUS, LÆTITIA RAYNER.

Diana. What was this affair that happen'd at the play laſt night with Lady Jane Danvers and you? Tell me what it was without any prevarication or diſguiſe.

Lætitia. There is no occaſion for any, madam. A drunken fellow in the lobby, as we were paſſing to our coach, was inſolent, and the gentleman, who had charge of Lady Jane, corrected him: I believe it is no uncommon caſe.

Diana. Was he inſolent to Lady Jane, or to you?

Lætitia. I confeſs it was to me, madam.

Diana. And who was the gentlemen that corrected this offender?

Lætitia. Captain Waterland.

Diana. I gueſs'd as much; the younger brother of her ladyſhip's enamorato; a proper champion truly to take up your quarrels, and ſpread your name about the town as the protegee of a young rake in the guards, who is firſt to fight for you, and then graft pretenſions upon his gallantry.

Lætitia. I don't believe Captain Waterland's character warrants any ſuch interpretation.

Diana. You don't believe!—Miſs Lætitia Rayner, of the diſcreet age of eighteen, and heireſs to a great fortune, does not believe that Captain Waterland. a young officer in the guards, and heir to no fortune at all, has any other motive for ſtanding forth in her defence, but merely to ſhew his vâlor and protect the friend of Lady Jane Danvers:—now then we are at iſſue—here is Miſs Lætitia's opinion on one ſide, and her aunt's on the other.—Let the world decide between us!

Lætitia. Pardon me, madam, I never preſume to oppoſe my opinion to your's.

Diana. Then if mine's to prevail, it will be that you never again are ſeen of Lady Jane's party to a play; and that you never admit the viſit of Captain Waterland in this houſe, or meet him in any other.

Lætitia. You firſt command I certainly can obey; your ſecond I may innocently tranſgreſs.

Diana. Leſt that ſhould happen, I ſhall require of you to deny yourſelf the ſupreme felicity of viſiting Lady Jane.

Lætitia. Very well, madam; it muſt be as you pleaſe. [*exit.*

Sir TOBY GRAMPUS, and Squire ROBERT.

Sir *Toby.* Oh! my dear, dear ſiſter— [*ſalutes her.*

Diana. You are welcome to town, brother.

Toby. I'm charm'd to ſee you; and how have you been this many a long day? Why, you look vaſtly well, grown quite plump, and proteſt it becomes you. Bob, make your reverence to your aunt.

Squire. Reverend aunt, how goes it with you? [*kiſſes her.*

Diana. So! here is room indeed for amendment, brother: the Graces will have work enough on their hands before

before they can mould this clay into courteſy. I am afraid my friend Robert is as mere a bumpkin as ever.

Toby. I hope not,—I hope not. I have done my beſt for him; taken this long journey purpoſely to conſult you how to proceed in his education.

Diana. I never heard he had any education.

Toby. His mother to be ſure did keep him too much at home; but then t'was all repaid to us in his morals; there we gain'd every thing.

Diana. His morals, indeed! Take my word for it the morals of Monmouthſhire won't keep long in the atmoſphere of London.

Toby. Well, Bob, why ſo ſilent?

Squire. I'm on the ſafe ſide for that, father.

Diana. Why you are not the worſe company for it at preſent, nephew Robert; when you come home from your travels, you will have ſomething to tell us worth our hearing.

Squire. Yes, moſt travellers have.

Diana. I have made it my buſineſs, brother, to ſeek out a proper Governor to accompany him on his tour: a learned perſon of my acquaintance, himſelf a travell'd man, has recommended a young gentleman of talents by the name of Crotchet; I have not ſeen him, but from his friend's report I augur well of his qualifications,

Toby. I hope to goodneſs he is not one of your prim pedantic chaps, that are only fit to chop logic, and cap verſes.

Diana. Quite the reverſe; diametrically oppoſite to that character, he deſcribes him to be gay, facetious, eaſy and well-bred; a man in ſhort of the world, who rather ſtrives to hide his learning, than make a parade of it: Mr. Fulſome tells me that I ſhould not find out in a twelvemonth's acquaintance with him, that he underſtood one word of Greek or Latin.

Squire. I am ſure I ſhould not.

Toby. Young?

Diana. A youth, but manly, diſcreet, and ſtrictly moral.

Toby. Of a good family?

Diana. Very antient, but decay'd: of the Crotchets of Cornwall, a Saxon family, long antecedent to the Norman Conqueſt.

Toby. He'll do, he'll do; he's the very man that will do.

Squire. Pray, aunt, did you aſk if he can ſound the French horn?

Diana. The French horn, child! why do you aſk that?

Squire. Becauſe father ſays I am to go up the river Nile, and the French horn ſounds well upon a water party.

Diana. The river Nile indeed! The river Tiber will be the boundary of your peregrinations: in Rome you will contemplate the venerable remains of antient magnificence; there you will tread on claſſic ground, and repoſe yourſelf on the boſoms of the arts and the muſes.

Squire. Oh! charming. I ſhall ſleep moſt deliciouſly.

Diana. There, whilſt you perambulate the celebrated Pantheon.

Squire. I thought it was burnt down, aunt.

Diana. Pooh!

Toby. I proteſt to you, ſiſter Di, I was in the ſame error with ſon Bob.

Diana. You were indeed, and in error you will both remain:—Like father, like ſon; very ſuitably adapted to the latitude of Monmouthſhire, but moſt lamentably unqualified to breathe the pure æther of Italy.

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Mr. Fulſome to wait upon you, madam.

Diana. Is there a gentleman with him, a young gentleman?

Ser. There is, madam.

Diana. Shew them up. (*Exit Ser.*

Sir Toby, I muſt requeſt that you will delegate this conference to me without any interruption on your part, which can only puzzle and impede the negociation.

FULSOME *introducing* JACK CROTCHET.

FULSOME, JACK, Sir TOBY, SQUIRE ROBERT, DIANA.

Ful. Moſt incomparable lady, I have the honour with profound reſpect to preſent to you my friend Mr. Crotchet, who is ambitious to prove himſelf worthy of being conſidered as your protogee, and moſt devoted ſervant.

Diana. Mr. Fulſome, I can truly aſſure you that there is no perſon in the whole circle of the literati, under whoſe auſpices a new acquaintance can come ſo recommended to

me, as when preſented by your hand, and back'd by you teſtimony.

Ful. Your approbation, Madam, is fame, and your patronage fortune.

Jack. Zooks! I ſhall never keep pace with this. [*aſide.*

Toby. Do you mind this, Bob? this is true breeding—liſten, my good boy, and learn. [*apart to Squire Robert.*

Squire. Look, father, look! that fellow's back is made of whalebone: Shall I ever make ſuch a bow as my tutor does? not I to the Pope of Rome himſelf. Egad, he muſt lift up his toe pretty high, if I am to kiſs it.

Toby. Hold your tongue and obſerve your aunt; the Pope's a ninny to her; ſhe carries it bravely: 'Fore George, ſhe's an honour to the name of Grampus.

Diana. I underſtand your delicacy, Mr. Crotchet. By referring me to your friend you avoid ſelf flattery: it impreſſes me in your favor.—I love humility.

Jack. I perſuade myſelf you do, and let me hope you will permit humility at all due diſtance to love you.

Diana. Oh, Sir! ſentiments ſo elegantly couch'd muſt ever be pleaſing—Here is your pupil, if you can inſpire him with your addreſs.

Jack. How long has he been in your ſociety, Madam?

Diana. A few minutes only; he's but now arriv'd.

Jack. Then there is ſome hope: had he been a ſingle day in your company unreform'd of his ruſticity, I ſhould have deſpair'd of rendering him any ſervice.

Diana. I give you joy, brother; I flatter myſelf we are in a right train. [*apart to Sir Toby in a whiſper.*

Jack, Will it do Fulſome?

Ful. Admirably; you have hook'd her. Go on and proſper.

Jack. Never fear me.

Diana. I am told you are a perfect maſter of the learned languages.

Jack. I am ſo far maſter of them that I keep them at a a proper diſtance: There is nothing I ſo much abhor as bringing them into the company of the ladies.

Diana. They'll furniſh many pleaſing meditations when you are upon claſſic ground.

Jack.

Jack. Very poſſibly, at preſent I've no call for them.

Diana. Permit me to aſk which of the Roman poets is your favorite?

Jack. Oh! the vengeance.—Which of the Roman poets do I prefer? really there are ſo many of them that I am rather puzzled to ſay which is beſt, but I think, take him for all in all, Elzevir is the faireſt type.

Diana. Elzevir! I apprehend he was no poet.

Ful. True, Madam, but he was a printer of the poets, and my friend thought you was enquiring which edition he prefers. Horace I know is his poet; he and I have many amicable diſputes about our reſpective favorites, Horace and Virgil.

Jack. Yes, yes, but we won't diſpute about them now.

Toby. What a vaſt fund of learning my ſiſter Di is poſſeſt of.

Squire. Do you think it does her any good, father?

Diana. I have a ſlight acquaintance with the Latin tongue; Mr. Crotchet will greatly oblige me if he will repeat an ode of Horace—any one you like beſt, Sir, they are equal to me; I have no preference.

Jack. Nor I, Heaven knows! Fulſome, help me off.

Ful. Now Crotchet, I ſtand a fair chance of my penalty, and if you ſpout one line of Latin in this lady's company, before Heaven I'll exact it.

Diana. What do you mean by that, may I aſk?

Ful. Only that he is bound to me, Madam, in the penalty of an hundred pounds if he talks Latin in the ladies company. 'Twas a trick he had when he came freſh from college, and ſo to break him of it altogether, I laid him under this forfeiture: Now as I think he can hardly reſiſt your commands, I ſtand fair for my hundred pounds.

Diana. On no account will I permit it: I withdraw the Ode of Horace, and think that if there was a trace of pedantry in your friend's character, you cou'd not take a better method for curing a bad habit. And now, Mr. Crotchet, let me introdnce you to Sir Toby Grampus and my nephew.

Toby. Learned Sir, I'm your very humble ſervant. I underſtand you are of an ancient houſe in Cornwall; I reſpect antiquity of family: The Grampus's are not muſhrooms, they

they did not ſpring up in a day. Bob, make your bow to Mr. Crotchet.

Squire. Give me your hand—If you and I are to be friends and cronies, the ſooner we get rid of ceremony the better. I am overjoyed to hear you are bound not to talk Latin.

Jack. To the ladies, remember. To the learned Dons in Italy, Latin or Greek, or what they like beſt: It's all one to me.

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. A gentleman at the door wiſhes to ſpeak a word in private to Mr. Fulſome upon particular buſineſs.

Ful. Madam, I aſk a thouſand pardons for ſuch a freedom: I don't know what gentleman can have particular buſineſs with me. Did he give you his name?

Ser. No, Sir.

Diana. No apologies, Mr. Fulſome.—Shew the gentleman into the parlour. [*exit Servant.* Come we will adjourn to the library; I muſt ſhew Mr. Crotchet my collection.

(*Fulſome follows the Servant.*

(*The reſt go out together,*

SCENE changes to a Parlour.

FULSOME, CAPT. WATERLAND.

Capt. *Wat.* Is your name Fulſome, Sir.

Ful. My name is Fulſome.

Capt. *Wat.* And is this your ticket?

Ful. This is my ticket—My name is upon it, and my place of abode.

Capt. *Wat.* Was you at the theatre, laſt night?

Ful. I was at no theatre: I am not in the habit of frequenting them.

Capt. *Wat.* I perceive I am betrayed into a miſtake: You certainly are not the perſon who delivered this ticket to me in the lobby laſt night in conſequence of a little fracas. If you know any perſon likely to have made free with your name in that way, I ſhou'd be glad you wou'd direct me to him.

Ful. Upon my word it is impoſſible for me to ſay where I may

I may have dropt a ticket of this ſort, or who may have found it. My acquaintance is pretty numerous, and as I gueſs the purport of your enquiry, I ſhou'd be loth to fix it upon any one in particular.

Capt. *Wat.* The perſon my affair was with is a young man, ſpeaks quick, was fluſter'd with liquor, and dreſs'd in a pale green frock with a ſcarlet work'd waiſtcoat.

Ful. I know no gentleman of my acquaintance, who anſwers to your deſcription in dreſs or otherwiſe.

Capt. *Wat.* Sir, I am ſatisfied and aſk pardon for the trouble I have given you.

Ful. Your moſt obedient. Oh! Jack, Jack, theſe tricks will blow you up at laſt.

[*Aside and Exit.*

LÆTITIA *runs in and ſtops ſhort.*

LÆTITIA, CAPT. WATERLAND.

Capt. *Wat.* Is it poſſible? May I believe my eyes? Miſs Rayner!

Læt. Didn't you know I liv'd here with my aunt?

Capt. *Wat.* Not I, by Heavens! Have you recover'd your alarm?

Læt. Yes, yes, but there's no time for queſtions. I muſt not ſtay with you another minute: My aunt will not allow me to receive your viſits.

Capt. *Wat.* May I not hope to meet you then at Lady Jane's?

Læt. Never; that houſe is interdicted alſo. Come, come begone!

Capt. *Wat.* Cannot I form ſome pretence for waiting upon you? You have taken my heart from me; am I not allow'd to follow it? My perſon is not known to your aunt.

Læt. Your name's enough.

Capt. *Wat.* I'll forſwear it for the ſight of you. I'll turn to any ſhape, name, character or condition but to look upon you.

Læt. In the firſt place then, ſtifle your affair of laſt night, let us hear no more of that idle quarrel. If it gets wind, I am undone. Promiſe me this.

Capt. *Wat.* By all that's beautiful!

(*Kiſſes her hand.*

Lætitia.

Læt. Stop Lady Jane from coming hither: Tell her the interdict that I am under. If you are going to her now perhaps you will hear of me—Fly!

Capt. *Wat.* I do fly from all that is lovely under Heaven,

Læt. To Lady Jane's.

Capt. *Wat.* To Lady Jane's. Farewell!

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

A Room in Lady Jane's Houſe.

LADY JANE, CAPT. WATERLAND.

Lady *Jane.* Not to keep you longer on the tenters, I have ſomething to communicate to you; an epiſtle enigmatic, deep, myſterious; yet without the wit of Œdipus you may make ſhift to unriddle it; the writer we'll ſuppoſe to be a certain young lady, whom Captain Waterland has no chance for viſiting without a ſtratagem. I'll read it to you.

Capt. *Wat.* Oh Heavens! I'm all impatience.

Lady *Jane.* Oh Heavens! I do not doubt it.

(*Reads the Letter.*

" My aunt has been cloſely occupied with chuſing a
" tutor for my couſin Robert: I have only caught a
" glimpſe of him, but I am perſuaded he is the very
" fellow who annoy'd us at the play——

Capt. *Wat.* The devil he is——

Lady *Jane.* Do keep the devil down and liſten—

" He is in high favour and has undertaken to provide a
" fencing maſter for his pupil; if your friend Cap-
" tain Waterland knows any profeſſor of the noble
" ſcience, that he wou'd wiſh to introduce into my
" aunt's houſe, he may eaſily contrive to take the re-
" commendation out of this fellow's hands by ma-

" naging his ſecret, and if the fencer is a real maſter
" of his art and is nimble in his attack, I ſhall not
" be ſorry to be preſent at a lecture."

Capt. *Wat.* Oh! ye loves and graces, all the wits of all the world, never compounded any thing one half ſo exquiſite. Dear, dear, adorable Lady Jane, what a celeſtial friend you are! I'll run home this inſtant, dreſs myſelf in character, take my foils under my arm, poſt away to aunt Di, ſend for my Box-Lobby Challenger, make him ſwear I'm the beſt maſter living, or ring off his ears cloſe to his head and baulk the pillory of its prey.

(Exeunt ſeverally.

SCENE a Street.

CROTCHET and THEODOSIA meeting JACK.

CROTCHET, THEODOSIA, JACK.

Crotch. How now, Jack! Well met. Doſey and I were coming to your friend Fulſome's to enquire after you.

Jack. Were you ſo, were you ſo? Hope you've had a pleaſant walk.

Crotch. Is that all you have to ſay to us?

Jack. No, 'tis not all—Hope you'll have a pleaſant walk back again, for I'm not at Fulſome's.

Crotch. I ſee you are not.—But how goes your affair at the Grampus's? Tell us that, lad; for we are impatient to hear about it: Will it do, will it do?

Jack. Taſte it; take a pinch! I believe it will do better than the mundungus you get in Dyot-ſtreet. Treat your noſtrils with a ſniff. *(Offering his Box.*

Crotch. Are you mad? Is this your way of anſwering my enquiries?

Jack. Can't ſtop to talk with you in the ſtreets—can't upon my ſoul! Gentlemen of my acquaintance will be paſſing by, and what ſhall I ſay if they ſhould aſk me who that old don was in the ſnuff-coloured drab, black ſtockings and flaxen bob? Cou'dn't ſtand their raillery, cou'd not by all that's elegant.

Crotch. By my ſoul this fellow's impudence puts me down.

Theod. Law! Jacky, what a flaſhy box you've got.

Jack. Do you like it? So do I—Safe's the word; if any

any raſcal was to pilfer this, 'twou'd be more than a pillory job, let me tell you.

Crotch. Raſcal, reprobate, miſcreant! Is this behaviour to your father? Whoſe money is it but mine that clothes that back of thine, which I hope ſome cudgell will belabour? Whoſe induſtry but mine ſupports you in the world? whoſe intereſt but mine procur'd this ſituation for you; which you now, graceleſs upſtart as you are, make a plea for putting on the man of faſhion and turning your back upon your parents and benefactors?

Jack. Keep your temper, and I have ſomething to ſay to you in the way of buſineſs—You ſhall print my Journal.

Crotch. Print your dying ſpeech and confeſſion, that's what I'll do for you willingly.

Jack. You ſhall print my Journal; bruſh up your preſs, get a new type, work off your ſheets clean, and you ſhall print my tour. I have made a progreſs in it already; I am half way up Mount Ætna; in a day or two I look to be upon the edge of the crater.

Crotch. I wou'd you was in the very centre of it.

Capt. WATERLAND after taking a view of JACK unſeen, runs in and lays hold of him.

Capt. *Wat.* Have I jump'd upon you at laſt?—My Box-lobby friend, as I take it—the very man by all that's lucky. Come, Sir, you and I have an affair to ſettle.

Crotch. I'm glad of it, I'm glad of it with all my heart. 'Tis a judgement on you, Sirrah.

Jack. I don't know you, Sir; I don't know any buſineſs you have with me. I never was in the box-lobby in my life.

Crotch. Oh monſtrous liar! Don't let him out of your hands, Sir! He is the very man; I am his father to my ſorrow, and I tell you he is they ver man.

Theod. For ſhame, Mr. Crotchet, you let your revenge go too far.

Capt. *Wat.* What do you ſay for yourſelf? Your own father witneſſes againſt you. Come, turn out.

Jack. Let me chooſe my weapons then—I'll take one of theſe and you ſhall take the other.

Capt. *Wat.* No, Sir, theſe are the implements of my profeſſion;

profeſſion; theſe I keep for my ſcholars; I have a ſword at your ſervice.

Jack. A thouſand thanks to you; but permit me to obſerve you was an army officer laſt night, this morning you are a fencing maſter; under favor which do you chuſe to be?

Capt. *Wat.* Either, or both: why do you aſk?

Jack. Becauſe if you teach the ſword as a profeſſor, I'm off, 'tis no battle; if you draw as a ſoldier, I beg your pardon, 'tis no quarrel.

Capt. *Wat.* Well, Sir, I have a rod over your head you are not aware of: the lady you affronted laſt night, is niece to your patroneſs Mrs. Diana Grampus.

Jack. Oh! my curſt ſtars!

Crotch. There, there! I told you how it would be.

Jack. Hold your tongue: let the gentleman proceed.

Capt. *Wat.* You have no poſſible way to eſcape, being diſgraced in that quarter, but by recommending me to your pupil as a teacher of the ſmall ſword.—Here are my credentials: make your choice! If I am a fencing maſter, theſe weapons have no point; if I am an officer, my ſword is through your body.

Jack. Then you are a fencing-maſter, and ſhall be a fencing-maſter as long as you pleaſe, and the beſt that ever took foil in hand; whoever ſays to the contrary is a puppy and a ſcoundrel; and I take upon me to ſay you ſhall teach my pupil as little, or as much of your art as you like.—As I flatter myſelf you have no deſigns upon old Di, if there is any thing I can ſerve you in with the reſt of the family, I am your everlaſting friend, and moſt devoted humble ſervant till death.

Capt. *Wat.* I have no plot upon old Di, ſo far I promiſe; more I'll impart to you as we walk to the houſe. (*exit*

Jack. By bye! light upon my legs you ſee—beſt friends in life—call upon you ſome evening when the ſtreets are empty—pleaſant walk to you. (*exit.*

Crotch. If fortune carries this fellow through, ſhe certainly muſt do it to put honeſty out of conntenance.

[*Exit Mr. Crotch. and Theod.*

SCENE Diana Grampus's Houſe—an Apartment,

DIANA, SQUIRE ROBERT.

Diana. I muſt have ſome talk with you, nephew Robert;

bert; you have no objection I ſhould hope to take a little wholeſome advice.

Squire. None at all; I can ſwallow phyſic if it were to do me good.

Diana. You are now ſtepping upon the great ſtage of life; you muſt begin to exerciſe, not your limbs only, but your mental faculties; your underſtanding alſo by the help of proper tutors and preceptors. It is a ſad thing you know to be the dunce of the company.

Squire. I moſtly keep at home with father, and when both are alike, one can't complain of t'other.

Diana. There's a ſhrewd truth in that remark:—You read I hope?

Squire. No, I never read, I'm like father for that.

Diana. Nor hear others read to you?

Squire. Never.

Diana. How ſhould you get inſtruction elſe?

Squire. I ponder a pretty deal.

Diana. What can you ponder upon?

Squire. All good matters; nothing elſe.

Diana. Well, that's not amiſs; and indeed your father ſays you are a very orderly moral young man.

Squire. Remarkably ſo.

Diana. You don't fall in with the vices of the time?

Squire. Can't endure to hear of 'em.

Diana. Never drink, nor ſwear, nor uſe bad words.

Squire. Never, never.

Diana. Nor quarrel.

Squire. Never quarrel, but I love fighting; there can be no harm in that you know, for the beſt man never fails to win the battle.

Diana. Why you are a bit of a caſuiſt, Robert; there is ſome ingenuity in your apology. There is one thing however above all I would guard you againſt in this wicked town.

Squire. What is that, pray?

Diana. The company of naughty women.

Squire. Oh! aunt, how it ſhocks me to hear you! As if I'd go to—Oh fie! that ever ſuch a wicked thought ſhould come into your head:—Well, if ever I could have believed that my aunt Di;—What would Mr. Crotchet

ſay

ſay if he heard you talk of naughty women? My goodneſs, how he does rave about you!

Diana. About me! Tell me what he ſaid about me.

Squire. Oh! ſuch things—dear heart, how angry you would be if I were to tell you all!

Diana. Nay, but tell me all; tell me what he ſays.

Squire. He ſays—let me ſee—he ſays, "he could ſit the "whole day long and hear you talk"—not about naughty women I ſhould think—"that he would rather be your "ſervant and wait upon you, than my maſter with my father's fortune at command"—that's not ſo civil to me you know:—in ſhort, he ſays, "you are an angel."

Diana. Does he ſay that?

Squire. Yes he does, and more than that; but I muſt not repeat it to you, for it's a paugh word.

Diana. I can't believe it, therefore let me have it, whatever it is.

Squire. Well then, he ſays, "He had rather take you "in your ſmock."

Diana. Ah! frightful—he did'nt ſay ſmock; I'm ſure he did not ſay that.

Squire. Why then, if it was not ſmock, it was ſhift; I won't ſwear which:—but huſh! here he comes; don't blab now, dear aunt!

Enter JACK.

Jack. Do I intrude? Diſmiſs me if I'm troubleſome.

Diana. That can hardly be; Robert and I have been moralizing upon the times. You are the pilot to ſteer him through the rocks and ſhoals; I have only pointed out on the chart where they lie.

Jack. 'Tis a dangerous channel; I have navigated it with care, know the buoys and bearings, and have ſounded every inch of it.

Diana. So young and yet ſo ſage? I ſhould be curious to know by what happy management you got this perfect knowledge of the dangers without buying your experience at the uſual price.

Jack. By never being the dupe of what the world calls love; there is all my art. Love is the one fatal rock on which moſt adventurers ſplit: By properly eſtimating what it ought to be, I have never ſuffered by what it is: I hold

it

it for a ſublime, a ſacred paſſion; I reſerve myſelf for ſomething more than mere frail mortality; the woman that captivates me, muſt have a ſtrong trait of the angelic in her.

Squire. Mark that, aunt Di, he'll fit you with a pair of wings.

Jack. The ſighs of vapours, the languiſhings of thoſe irrationals, who call themſelves lovers, have been my jeſt and ridicule.

Squire. Have you never been in love in your life then? Come, be honeſt.

Jack. You ſhould have aſk'd me that awhile ago; the queſtion now is out of time.

Squire. Egad, you're a deep one. [*aſide.*

Jack. It might ſavor of vanity were I to ſay how eaſily I carry all attacks: Indeed they know me now well enough to know they wou'd but loſe their labour: Rank they are convinced cannot flatter me, riches cannot bribe, a pretty face makes no impreſſion, and a ſimpleton diſguſts me: In ſhort, after weathering the ſtorm upon the high ſeas, it is my fate to be ſhipwreckt in the harbour.

Squire. I rather think 'twill be your fate to get into the harbour and moor cloſe along ſide of the hulk. [*aſide.*

Enter LÆTITIA.

Lætitia. Pray, aunt Di, may'nt I ſee couſin Robert fight with the fencing maſter? They have nobs upon their ſwords, ſo they cannot hurt each other.

Diana. What are you talking of, child, about fighting and fencing maſters?

Jack. I can explain it to you. I have got a fencing maſter for my pupil, one that I have known for many years and can recommend; not a foreign puppy, but a ſolid, quiet, unpretending man: I always look to the principles as well as to the performances of a teacher.

Squire. Oh! if you have got a fighting maſter, let him come on; I am his man at that ſport; cudgells, quarter-ſtaff, or what he will. Couſin Lætitia, I hope you'll be of the party. Aunt Di, you won't ſay nay—

Diana. 'Tis not quite a lady's amuſement methinks, but if you deſire it, Lætitia, you may go with your couſin. The eye of the fair may animate the clown.

[*A Servant*

[*A Servant delivers a Card to Lætitia.*

Lætitia. A card to me!—"Captain Waterland preſents "his compliments to Miſs Rayner and will be happy to hear ſhe has not ſuffered from her alarm laſt night."—Pooh! tell the ſervant it requires no anſwer.—Is that right aunt?

Diana. Perfectly right, and the only anſwer it deſerves; I am pleaſed to ſee you follow my advice.

Lætitia. I am very happy that you approve of me.—Come, couſin Robert, don't let us keep the fighting man any longer waiting. I dare ſay, aunt, you wonder at my taſte, for I know you can't bear ſuch ſights; you always hide your eyes when they fight on the ſtage.

Diana I do ſo, my dear, I do ſo: My nerves are extremely delicate; every body in their own way.

Lætitia. Very true, and yet you ſee I have no deſign to be a ſoldier's wife.]

[*Takes her Couſin's arm and exits.*

DIANA, JACK CROTCHET.

Diana. I believe, Mr. Crotchet, your attendance may be diſpoſed with, to form the manners, not to teach the exerciſes is your taſk, and no light one let me tell you.

Jack. Whilſt I am cheer'd with your ſupport I feel it light; when that is loſt, I muſt ſink under it.

Diana. That you will never loſe; his clowniſhneſs I fear is too inveterate.

Jack. Stubborn enough, I dare ſay, but I apprehend more trouble to myſelf in preventing new habits than in getting rid of old ones. I have diſcover'd ſome ſymptoms already that are rather alarming.

Diana. What do you allude to in particular?

Jack. Principally in his manner towards the ladies; he has a way of deporting himſelf in the company of young women, which I am ſure you would not approve of.

Diana. As how I pray? explain it to me, that I may aſſiſt in the correction of it.

Jack. I hardly know how to explain it by words, but if I might take the liberty of ſhewing you what I mean by imitation, I cou'd make myſelf underſtood.

Diana. By all means; actions of this ſort can be no otherwiſe deſcribed.

Jack.

Jack. In the firſt place then—when a handſome woman falls in his way, inſtead of regarding her with a look, ſuch as I now addreſs to you, modeſt, reſpectful, unimpaſſion'd; on the contrary he ſtops, ſtares, rivets his eyes on her's in the eager manner, as for example's ſake I do on your's, and looks as he would look her through.

Diana. Oh Heavens! can he look ſo?

Jack Now that you know is not proper and decorus.—

Diana. There's a very ſenſible difference between one look and the other as you rightly exemplify. But ſurely in your caſe the copy far outgoes the original; his eyes have no expreſſion, your's are all on fire.

Jack. 'Twas caught from what they look'd on: there was a ſympathetic glance went to my heart. We muſt not practiſe that again; I ſhall offend.

Diana. And I ſhall pardon;—pray proceed.

Jack. So, ſo! the old touch wood has caught fire.—Then again, if he is to take a lady's hand for the purpoſe of conducting her out of the room, or to her carriage, we'll ſay—ought it not to be touched lightly, delicately, devoutly, in this faſhion with one hand; and not ſeiz'd violently with both in this warm impetuous manner, as if he was going to hurry her into a poſt chaiſe for an elopement?

Diana. Juſt ſo; I feel what you mean exactly—and then his boiſterous mode of ſaluting—

Jack. That I did not ſee, how was that?

Diana. In the country cuſtom, with both arms round my neck and a loud ſmack upon my cheek.

Jack. What! thus for inſtance—

Diana. No, no; worſe than that.

Jack. Oh horrible! what, quite as bad as this?

Diana. Yes, quite as bad. He muſt be broke of that.

Jack. And ſo muſt I, or periſh at your feet, unleſs you pity and forgive.—Oh! thou firſt only idol my ſoul 'ere worſhipt; from this moment I renounce your nephew; never will I be exiled from your ſight, tho' hopeleſs to obtain what I adore; never will I travel over one inch of ground with that young clown; honor compels me to declare to you I never meant to do it; nay more, it obliges me to confeſs that I am an impoſtor.

Diana. An impoſtor!

Jack. Yes, loveliest of women, for your sake I am an impostor, falsely pretending to stoop my proud spirit to the servile office of tutoring a dunce, when my ambition was to approach a divinity, whom I had hitherto only admired at a distance. This was the deceit I practis'd, and know that one, who carries up his pedigree to centuries above the conquest, never will descend to barter independence for an office, scarcely above menial: Here then it expires; from your hands I received it, at your feet I surrender it.

Diana. Not at my feet; it melts my heart to see a man so noble, so disinterested, so worthy all my tendrest sentiments, in that submissive posture. *(raises him.)*

Jack. Ah! madam, it would melt your heart, did you know all my story—born to better hopes, educated by the most indulgent parents with the fondest care; son of a father, whose public spirit drew him forth into the post of danger, and after raising him above the heads of his admiring countrymen, exposed him, as it were, upon a scaffold, to the taunts and malice of his unrelenting enemies—I cannot bear to name particulars; my tongue shrinks back with horror; vice triumph'd, virtue bled; his manly spirit, still unbroken, stem'd the rage of mobs; he fac'd his foes and fell—The best of parents fell—I can no more.—I think the pillory owes me a good turn for that panegyrick. *(aside.)*

Diana. Ah, Sir, you have a friend that shares in all your sorrows—How sweet is filial piety! how touching, how endearing are those tears!

Jack. Oh! let me vent them on your sympathising bosom! here let me lie and breathe my last, expiring with excess of love amidst a paradise of sweets.

Diana. I cannot stand this tenderness; it banishes reserve—Tell me in one word—Are you sincere?—

Jack. Is truth itself to be believ'd?

Diana. Faithful and secret?

Jack. Faithful as the pole-star, secret as the center.

Diana. Then take this ring—with it I pledge my heart, my hand—

Jack. Stop there, I ask no more; you must not name your fortune; my soul disdains the sordid lures of interest.

Diana.

Diana. Then be it as you wiſh; I'll not contaminate your purity of ſentiment with worldly offers—we'll only talk of love.

Jack. Egad! I am a little ſorry for that though—I have gone too far—*(aſide.)* Come, I was too ſuſceptible; ſay what was in your thoughts: love will be lord of every hour; to worldly matters we'll devote but minutes—May I procure the licenſe?

Diana. Heavens! how you ſet my heart a throbbing!

Jack. Pretty flutterer! buſy anxious thing! throbbing with generous zeal to laviſh all on me.

Diana. I give myſelf; the reſt is traſh, and, as you rightly ſay, what a ſoul like your's diſdains.

Jack. I wiſh I had not thought about my ſoul at that moment. *(aſide.)*

Diana. You muſt be huſht in this matter as death itſelf; you ſee this girl Lætitia, ſhe's my ward, and a rich heireſs: I had a wiſh to marry her to my nephew.

Jack. 'Twill never do; you'll never bring her to endure a clown.

Diana. I own it does not promiſe.

Jack. It is not in your nature to force her affections; ſo generous in your own, you cannot be ſo rigid over her's. Give her the man ſhe likes, provided he's a gentleman.

Diana. And let her marry firſt.

Jack. Humph! is that neceſſary?

Diana. 'Twill be decorous at leaſt, ſeeing I am her guardian; But come, ſtep to the library with me; there we ſhall be more private; our conference here is liable to obſervation.

[*Exit,*

Jack. Victoria! I have won the fleece, and in faith it is a warm one.

[*Exit.*

SCENE changes.

Squire ROBERT ſtript to his waiſtcoat, his coat hung upon a frame, at which he is puſhing with his foil. Captain WATERLAND and LÆTITIA in converſation apart,

Squire. Aha! there I had you—Oho! there I hit you.—How many more times muſt I pink this fellow in the turnip-colour'd doublet? Methinks he looks as if he had enough of it. What ſay you, Lætitia? Is your lecture pretty well over? If all mine are to be like this, which will make the quickeſt progreſs, you or I?

Lætitia. Oh! thou art a dear good natur'd ſoul, and I ſhall love thee for this the longeſt hour I have to live.

Squire. You love indeed! All your love is beſpoke, and what you can ſpare to me, will be no more than couſinly kindneſs. Now may I be further, if I can gueſs for the heart of me what you two can have found to ſay to each other all this while—jabber, jabber, without one moment's ceaſing. When I make love, it's at a word—will you? ſays I---Nay, ſays ſhe; let it alone, quoth I, go hang! there's an end of the matter.

Lætitia. But perhaps I did not anſwer in that way.

Squire. I believe not in faith; you don't look as if you cou'd ſay nay to your lover; but what then? One way is as ſhort as t'other. If you know one another's mind, what need of more words? I may fence to the day of Jeruſalem; one hit is as good as an hundred, if it does but take place in the heart.

Capt. *Wat.* May I periſh, Squire, if you are not this moment in all England the very beſt fellow breathing.

Squire. I won't ſay that; all England's a wide place; but what then? I am a good fellow, I know that well enough: Never make no ſpeeches to me; I'm downright, and afore the wind. They think I can't ſee the length of my noſe, but I can ſpy more than they are aware of. Why, as if I didn't ſmoke old Di and the Doctor overhead; 'tis all the ſame game on that floor as you are playing

ing on this, and I dare ſay it holds through from the kitchen to the garret.

Lætitia. Why, you are a wit, couſin Bob.

Squire. A wit am I? And if you was a wit too, how cou'd you help it? I'll tell you another thing, that perhaps you think I hadn't ſenſe to find out—Old Di wants to put you and me together—Lord help you, that wou'd never do. What ſhou'd I make of all that frippery in thecountry? every hedge ſtake would have a pluck at it: No, no; I muſt have a tight truſs'd thing, brac'd like a pudding-bag; a kind of road-tit, that can go over rough ground; thoſe galloping fetlocks of your's wou'd hang cruelly in the ſoil; mercy on me, you'd be pull'd all to pieces, and done up in one ſeaſon.

Lætitia. Well then, Robert, you and I will part by conſent, and live good friends aſunder for the reſt of our lives. You ſhall have your Monmouthſhire milk-maid of the true poney ſtamp, and I will take my chance upon the ſmooth turf, which you ſeem to think is what I'm fitteſt for. Huſh! here comes Mr. Crotchet—

Enter JACK CROTCHET.

Jack. My dear friends, I ſnatch a moment to whiſper one word in your ear.

Capt. *Wat.* Speak out; we are all in confidence,

Jack. This it is; if I augur rightly, you will not long have any occaſion to bring your foils with you when you viſit in this family, if I am not croſs'd in my endeavours, a certain gentleman, who ſent his card of compliments not long ago, will very ſoon be permitted to make his viſit in perſon. Aſk not by what means this is brought about; believe only that where I profeſs a friendſhip, it is not for a ſmall matter that I will break my world.

Capt. *Wat.* I dare ſay your are a man of honour, Mr. Crotchet, and I ſhall act with you as ſuch.

Jack. Truſt me only, and you ſhall never be deceiv'd: you too, my worthy pupil, you ſhall confeſs I am your friend; and as for you, Miſs Rayner, if you do not very ſhortly find yourſelf ſet free from all reſtrictions, ſay I am no Prophet.—This gentleman I would adviſe to beat his march immediately, and that his perſon may not be notic'd by the ſervants, I will let him out of the door.

Capt.

Capt. *Wat.* I'll be gone this moment. Farewell!

Jack. Where ſhall I wait upon you? I muſt have a few minutes with you in private.

Capt. *Wat.* Here is my direction:—Hold though! Let me be ſure I've given you the right ticket: theſe cards you know are liable to be miſtaken. That's between you and me.

Jack. Well, well, it's all fair: I deſerve that; but errors excepted, you know is a ſalvo for all accounts, be they ever ſo honeſt.

(Capt. Wat. and Jack go one way; Lætitia and the Squire another.

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT IV.

Lady JANE, and Capt. WATERLAND.

Lady *Jane.* Well, Harry, what ſucceſs with your fencing-maſter?

Capt. *Wat.* Beyond my hopes:—I fenc'd my way into the houſe; parried all difficulties, diſarm'd aunt Di; laid the Box-lobby champion at my feet, and I flatter myſelf plac'd a gentle hit or two on the ſoft heart of my lovely Lætitia.

Lady *Jane.* But was it a hit, a *palpable hit*, as Oſtrick ſays? If ſo, I pronounce that *the Lord Hamlet ſhall win.*

Capt. *Wat.* I will if I can, for in faith it will be a prize worth fighting for; I am all over wounds from head to heart, tho' ſhe has only play'd her ſmall artillery on me yet. I have a notable good ſecond in couſin Bob, the young Grampus, and plenty of fair promiſes from the box-lobby quarter, but theſe I cannot ſwear for. Time will ſhew. [*George Waterland looks in.*

George. May I come in?

Lady *Jane.* No, to be ſure.

George. Your door ſays yes, for it is moſt invitingly open.

Lady

Lady *Jane.* Whoſe fault was that, Harry, your's or mine?

Capt. *Wat.* I ſcorn to make gentlemen jealous; it ruins the complexion; gives them a diſorder in their eyes, and takes away the uſe of their limbs. I have ſeen very bad effects from it:—A friend of mine was ſo totally crippled by a fit of jealouſy, that he cou'd not riſe from his ſeat if the room had been in flames.

George. Then I'll venture to ſay he was moſt thoroughly in love.

Lady *Jane.* And probably with ſome good-for-nothing jilt, who was not worth the pains that he beſtowed upon her.

George. Why ſhould the fault be her's? The man perhaps thought humbly of himſelf, and trembled at the chance of her diſcovering ſuperior merit in a rival. Now if you had ſuch a lover as this, Lady Jane, could you be very angry with him?

Lady *Jane.* Outrageouſly, and I would torment him moſt deliciouſly.

George. Cou'd you find in your heart to do that?

Lady *Jane.* Oh yes, I have no mercy upon jealouſy.

George. And how wou'd you ſet about puniſhing him?

Lady *Jane.* Why, I wou'd lay out for ſome ſuch idle ſtray fellow as Harry here for inſtance, whom no woman in her ſenſes can be ſerious about; and none but ſuch a chit as Lætitia cou'd be taken in by.

Capt. *Wat.* Do you hear her, brother George, do you hear her? If this does not prove that I am uppermoſt in her thoughts, what can prove it? And why does ſhe abuſe poor dear Lætitia, but becauſe ſhe can't endure to ſee me like any body but herſelf?

George. How come you then to truſt your cauſe to an advocate ſo ſuſpicious? Had'nt you better employ me, who am certainly intereſted to diſpoſe of you? Send me to the lady of your heart, and let me plead in your behalf.

Capt. *Wat.* I bar that experiment.

Lady *Jane.* And I alſo.

Capt. *Wat.* Let me have no unmarried elder brother my counſel with Lætitia.

Lady *Jane.* And let not the man whom I wou'd attach, come within the ſphere of her faſcinating eyes.

George.

George. Be juſt to yourſelf Lady Jane, and you can never be ſuſpicious of me.

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. Miſs Rayner to wait upon your ladyſhip.

Lady *Jane.* Very well; ſhew Miſs Rayner up.

[*Exit Servant.*

Come, come, gentlemen, I ſhall not let you ſtay here: go into that room, and wait till I come to you:—no wry faces Harry, but be gone.

[*Exit George and Capt. Waterland.*

LÆTITIA, LADY JANE.

Lady *Jane.* My dear Lætitia!

Lætitia. My deareſt Lady Jane, aunt Di is grown ſo good humour'd, I have leave to come to you.

Lady *Jane.* I am glad to ſee you have ſurviv'd your alarm at the theatre; but you will ſoon be able to fight your own battles, as I underſtand you are taking lectures in the noble ſcience of defence.

Lætitia. Oh yes, I have an admirable maſter; he takes great pains with me.

Lady *Jane.* And you improve I dare ſay to his wiſhes; no doubt he is very fond of his diſciple.

Lætitia. He flatters me by telling me ſo—And ſhall I believe him, Lady Jane? You have experience of the family, and can tell me if ſincerity runs in the blood of them.

Lady *Jane.* There is, indeed, one of the *firme*, as the traders call it, whom I have had ſome tranſactions with, and find him a fair-dealing honeſt man: There is good property in the partnerſhip, and I fancy you may truſt the houſe: But what ſays your aunt to it? I rather ſuſpect ſhe wiſhes you to give your cuſtom to her nephew.

Lætitia. Perhaps ſo, but his ſtock is ſmall, and of a faſhion that does not ſuit my taſte; I am releas'd from that engagement, and ſhe won't over-rule me in any other.

Lady *Jane.* Then ſuffer me to recommend a friend of mine, who waits with a throbbing heart behind that door, impatient to throw himſelf at your feet.

Lætitia. What do you mean? you ſtartle me.

Lady *Jane.* Not much, I hope—

Goes

[*Goes into the room, and returns, preſenting Captain Waterland.*

'Tis only your poor fencing-maſter.

[*Exit Lady Jane.*

CAPT. WATERLAND, LÆTITIA.

Lætitia. You take me by ſurprize---ſo great a maſter of his art ſhou'd ſcorn to attack a feeble fencer unprepar'd I ſhou'd have time at leaſt to guard my heart.

Capt. *Wat.* I only come to fall before your feet, and beg for life.

Lætitia. Riſe, riſe, if you expect me to converſe with you; I'll not liſten to any thing you ſay upon your knees. If Lady Jane is always to keep you in her cabinet ready to ſally forth, and faſten on a harmleſs creature, who is decoyed into her ſnare, have you the conſcience to expect I will humour your vanity by repeating theſe viſits? eſpecially when my aunt has taken off the interdict, and opens her doors to Captain Waterland in common with every other man of faſhion, who has a claim to viſit her.

Capt. *Wat.* And may I viſit her?

Lætitia. Why not?

Capt. *Wat.* But do you wiſh it?

Lætitia. What an inſidious queſtion!

Capt. *Wat.* I was excluded perſonally; what can have ſoftened her heart?

Lætitia. Love, mollifying love. Our playhouſe quarrel has been productive of wonderful events; one party is on the point of carrying off the aunt, and I dare ſay you think the other is in no bad train for carrying off the niece.

Capt. *Wat.* Alas! how very far am I from ſuch preſumptuous hopes, when all I ſue for is not to be condemned to abſolute deſpair?

Lætitia. Poor man! you have an advocate in Lady Jane; go to her, tell her how little ſhe conſults your intereſt by her abſence; confeſs how very ill you manage your own cauſe, and how totally you deſpair of ever ſoftening my hard heart without her help.

Capt. *Wat.* Not whilſt that lovely ſmile encourages my hope will I reſort to any advocate for help: With nothing elſe to recommend me but a heart and ſoul devoted to

you I throw myſelf upon your generoſity without appeal, and by your ſentence I will ſtand or fall.

Lætitia. But I'm not in the humour to paſs ſentence upon you juſt now; therefore we'll break up the court and go to Lady Jane.

Capt. *Wat.* Will you be gone ſo ſoon?

Lætitia. Why not, ſince now there are no obſtructions to our meeting; and if I was not ſincere enough to own how welcome you will be to me, you wou'd be too ſagacious not to diſcover that I play'd the hypocrite.

Capt. *Wat.* Then I am bleſt indeed: That confeſſion has inſpir'd me with ſuch tranſports, that I dare not give them utterance, yet know not how to ſuppreſs them.

Lætitia. Then I'll teach you what to do with them—When a ſubject is too intereſting, I drive it from my thoughts; when a lover is too agreeable, I run away from him—follow my example—but hold, hold!---Don't run the ſame way.

Capt. *Wat.* Can I help it? My heart is in your chains, and I muſt follow.

Lætitia. Oh! you ſimple man, this is making bad worſe; fly to the other door, if you mean to eſcape!

Capt. *Wat.* You wou'd deſpiſe me if I did.

Lætitia. Well, perhaps I ſhou'd---ſo come along with me to Lady Jane.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes.

DIANA GRAMPUS's Houſe.

JACK CROTCHET is diſcovered reading a parchment; DIANA ſtanding by.

Diana. Well, have you read it over?

Jack. I have.

Diana. Do you approve what it contains?

Jack. Your word had been as good.

Diana. My word indeed might well have paſs'd 'twixt you and me, but when relations, who are intereſted to keep me ſingle, beſet me with their importunity, this deed will be my anſwer. The obligation there to marry you under

under the penalty of ten thouſand pounds, will ſilence all oppoſers, and when they ſee, that with your free conſent I've made my nephew Robert heir to all my property, one poor annuity excepted of four hundred pounds a year to you at my deceaſe, what can they do but own your conduct truly generous and diſintereſted ?

Jack. Madam, I have my faults like other men ; you'll hear of them from many mouths that will open againſt me ; you'll find them out yourſelf, but amongſt them all, you never will diſcover me to be an intereſted, ſordid, ſneaking fellow.

Diana. I'll pledge my life you are not.

Jack. No, hang it, that's a character I hold in ſovereign contempt. Covetouſneſs has not even the credit of being the vice of a gentleman.

Diana. I dare be ſworn you have no vice at all.

Jack. Don't riſque that oath ; you wou'd not like me half ſo well if I was all milk and honey. I hope you alſo have a little of the acid, how ſhall we elſe keep up the nuptial appetite unpall'd ?

Diana. Come, come, you ramble.

Jack. I have a little turn for that to be ſure, but then I'm always merry when I come home, and that makes up for every thing. The beſt thing I can ſay for myſelf is, that no man bears chiding with a better grace ; tell me of my faults over and over again, rate and rattle at me ever ſo often, I am ſtill the ſame, it makes no change in me.

Diana. Mr. Crotchet, are you ſerious ? Your ſtile is really ſo new to me, ſo very much unlike what you held in our firſt converſations, that you alarm me moſt exceedingly : Tell me what you are aiming at by this kind of diſcourſe ?

Jack. To let you into my character, and get a peep at your's : We have paſs'd the ſtage of love, and there's no longer any call upon us to deceive each other.

Diana. Then I will tell you, Sir, that my character is that, which will neither put up with an inſolent lover nor a libertine huſband.

Jack. Right, nor can I bear a tame, civil, ſubmiſſive wife ; give me a woman of ſpirit ; let her tongue be heard in the houſe ; I love the high notes of the female voice, 'tis muſic to my ears—ſo now, my lovely dear betroth'd,

adieu! I'll take the ſacred ſcroll, that makes us one, and treaſure it as your gift.—So! this is done, firm as the law can bind.

[*puts it up and exit.*

DIANA.

Diana. I'm petrified! I ſtand aghaſt at what I've done. He's chang'd, transform'd; no longer like the man he was—no warmth, no gratitude, no fondneſs—not ſo much as a look—I thought to have ſeen him kneeling at my feet, gazing upon me with uplifted doating eyes, then ſtarting up with rapture on the ſudden and enfolding me in his arms.—Oh Heavens! what ails me? am I alter'd? am I leſs pleaſing, leſs alluring than I was? Now, brother, what's the news with you?

Enter Sir TOBY GRAMPUS.

Sir TOBY GRAMPUS, DIANA.

Sir *Toby.* Damnable bad news for ſome ofus—a famous kettle of fiſh you have made of it, ſiſter Di, with this Jack Crotchet as they call him.—He a proper perſon to be pilot to a Grampus; zooks! he is not fit to be the porter of a Scuttleſiſh.

Diana. What are you talking of? What are you bawling about? You make me mad, you turn my brain to hear your uncouth, unintelligible jargon. Speak Engliſh, if you've any thing to tell me, and let me underſtand you.

Sir *Toby.* Shou'd you underſtand me better then if I was to ſpeak Welch? What the plague and the peſtilence to boot! I muſt talk ſuch language as I have. What is it you would be at? Am I not going to tell, if you had but patience?

Diana. Patience!—

Sir *Toby.* Why aye, there is not one of my name but myſelf that knows what patience means. You are a true Grampus, ſiſter Di, let me tell you, every inch a Grampus.

Diana. Will you give me what you have to ſay in one word, or will you not?

Sir *Toby.* I cannot for the ſoul of me give it you in one word, but I can tell you in much fewer words than ſuch

ſuch a raſcal deſerves, that your fine faſhionable fop of a tutor, your Jack Crotchet, is a pick-pocketly impoſtor, and inſtead of being the ſon of William the Conqueror, and the Devil knows who, is the ſpawn of a pillory-printer.

Diana. You have kill'd me. Call my ſervants, give me hartſhorn, or I ſhall faint.

Sir *Toby.* What the vengeance ſhould you faint for? I've more need of hartſhorn, who have beat the hoof after him till I am as weary as a hound—There I went up a crinkum-crankum, cutthroatly-alley out of Holborn, (hold there, it was not Holborn, it was St. Giles's) and what ſhould I ſee in a ſhop window but a book of travels thro' Italy and the Lord knows where, by Joſeph Fulſome Eſquire. Oho! thought I, here's a book for Bob—ſo I caſt my eye upon the board, and there I read in dirty capitals—JOHN CROTCHET, PRINTER.

Diana. Why need you be ſo tedious, ſo circumſtantial? Was this John Crotchet father to my Mr. Crotchet?

Sir *Toby.* To be ſure he was; he told me ſo himſelf; I bought the book of him, his name is to the receipt: I went a few doors further; I turn'd into a barber's ſhop, (the beſt place you know for news) and there enquired the character of Maſter Crotchet—" It's a rule with me," ſaid the ſhaver, " never to ſpeak ill of my neighbours, eſ-" pecially of one who is my cuſtomer, but all the world " knows neighbour Crotchet was pilloried, ſo there's no " ſcandal in that."

Diana. Stop your tongue, blundering, boiſterous, unfeeling man as you are!—

Sir *Toby.* Heyday! what devil drives now?

Diana. Don't you ſee the condition I'm in?

Sir *Toby* What condition are you in? by your talk I ſhould gueſs you have been a little in the ſun, as the ſaying is.

Diana. In the ſun! ſay rather in the ſhade.—Oh! that eternal night would fall upon this fatal hour, and ſhade it from my ſight for ever! I am ruin'd and undone.

Sir *Toby.* The Deuce you are! Huſh it up, huſh it up again, for the love of mercy.—If you and pillory Jack have been———

Diana. Worſe, worſe—I've married him.

Sir *Toby.*

Sir. *Toby.* What! that's a ſettler, that's a knock-down blow. Good night to you! when you've thrown the ſtocking, truſs yourſelf up in the garter. You'll have a notable batch of new relations.—The pillory for your father-in-law, the whipping-poſt and ſtocks for your couſins, the gibbet for your huſband, and a jointure in Botany Bay for yourſelf. I give you joy of your bargain.

Diana. Stop there, the fatal nooſe is not yet tied.

Sir *Toby.* But it ſoon will, and when he has ſtretch'd the rope, you will be what they call a Tyburn widow.

Diana. I tell you I am not wedded; I have but pledg'd my virgin vow.

Sir *Toby.* Then, good virgin, keep as you are; you have weather'd it a good round time, ev'n hold out to the end, and ſet the fleſh at defiance.

Diana. Ceaſe your licentious talk and hear me:—I have given it on my bond to forfeit ten thouſand pounds upon a breach of marriage, and he has the bond.

Sir *Toby.* Ten thouſand devils fly away with it and him together.

Diana. That penalty excepted, all my property is ſettled hard and faſt upon your ſon.

Sir *Toby.* Oh! is it ſo? Well, well, that's quite another caſe. Upon my ſoul, I'm afraid this alarm will be the death of you—you look vaſtly pale: Don't you feel as if you was a going to faint? How it wou'd baulk the raſcal if you was to go off ſuddenly!

Diana. Monſter! wou'd you murder me to get my eſtate? Let him be what he will, he's not a ſordid, ſneaking, wordly-minded huncks:—He's only a rake, and I'll reform him; he's only a young rantipole young libertine, and I'll marry him in deſpight of you all.

[*Exit.*

Sir TOBY.

Sir *Toby.* Hell and confuſion! ſhe's only fit to be an Out-penſioner of Bedlam—Oh! are you here?

Enter Squire ROBERT.

SQUIRE ROBERT, SIR TOBY.

Sir *Toby.* Bob, Bob! why Bob, I ſay!—How like a ſtock you ſtand; do you know what has happen'd? Have you

you heard the horrid news? Are you aſleep, or drunk, or dead? D—n you, for a dunce, what are you a thinking of?

Squire. Nothing—Letting my underſtand reſt—What are you talking of?

Sir. *Toby.* Why, of your aunt Di, to be ſure.---She's ruin'd, raviſh'd, murder'd, married, and gone to the devil.—

Squire. Joy go with her.

Sir *Toby.* Married to your ſon of a bitch of a bear-leader.

Squire. Joy go with him then! He has an arm full of it. It's no news to me, father; I cou'd have told you this an age ago.

Sir *Toby.* Why did'nt you tell me, dunce, dolt? Then I might have ſtopt her in time.

Squire. You wou'd, wou'd you? You'll ſtop the Thames next, I warrant. Laud, laud! how you fuſs yourſelf about nothing.—Can't you let the old maid have her Crotchet, and ſay no more about it?

[*exit.*

SIR TOBY.

Sir *Toby.* Was ever ſuch an animal as my ſon! I ſuppoſe if I had told him of her eſtate, he woud'nt have car'd for that either. Well, well, after all there is ſomething to comfort us.

[*exit.*

Old Crotchet's Office.

CROTCHET, THEODOSIA, FULSOME.

Ful. So this is the way you treat me after all I have done for you, not print my treatiſe upon education, unleſs I pay you ready money for the paper.

Crotch. Why ſhould I give you my profit?

Ful. Why did I give you my intereſt with Di Grampus, and promote your ſon to an eſtabliſhment, which your utmoſt ambition could not have aſpir'd to?

Crotch. I had no ambition about it, never aſk't it of you—never wiſhed it; my ſon, as you call him, is no ſon of mine.

Theod. Don't ſay, that Mr. Crotchet, he is your own true ſon, and as like you as he can ſtare; and here he comes to prove

prove my words.—Lord love you, Jacky, how pleas'd I am to ſee you.

Enter JACK.

Jack. How do, how do; how is it with you, Maſter Fulſome?

Ful. Maſter Fulſome!—I don't quite reliſh your familiarities, Sir; ſome of them have not been altogether ſo agreeable. If you chuſe to take a beating over night, am I to be call'd out for it next morning? Who was that gentleman you gave my ticket to?

Jack. Harry Waterland, a particular friend of mine; I coud'nt do you more honour than lay you in to his acquaintance.

Ful. Confer no ſuch honor upon me, if you have any regard for yourſelf; recollect you are in my power; a word of mine blaſts you beyond redemption.

Jack. Nobody's word has a happier faculty of blaſting I do confeſs; and if you have a fancy to try it upon me, and will run the riſk of an airing in a blanket, you are heartily welcome.

Ful. I can bear this no longer; your inſolence, and your father's ingratitude, ſhall meet a full reward; and you ſhall find to your ſorrow, I can be as active an enemy, as I have been a friend. (*exit.*

Theod. Ah, Jack, Jack, will you never be wiſe? As ſure as can be that ſpiteful man will go and betray you.

Jack. Very likely: let him go—Here, mother, I've a preſent for you; I think you took a fancy to my ſnuff-box. I'll give it to you.

Theod. Will you indeed, my dear? Why that is very kind: look, huſband, look what a fine preſent he has made me.

Crotch. You'll ſee it advertiſed in a day or two.

Jack. That's your opinion, is it? Keep yourſelf out of an advertiſement as long, and you will do well. Caſt your eye over this parchment, you'll find ſecurity for the ſnuff-box.

Theod. What is it, my dear? [*gives him the deed.*

Jack. A trifle; ſome forty thouſand pounds, with the incumbrance of a wife, or a neat ten with a clear acquittance: Now may I not ſet Fulſome at defiance?

Theod:

Theod. But is it true, Jack? Is it hard and faſt?

Crotch. By the life of me, as firm as law can make it. what an unexpected ſtroke of fortune! 'Tis as if the ſky rain'd gold:—how in the name of wonder did you perſuade Di Grampus to this deed?

Jack. Dame Nature did the buſineſs; laid a train of combuſtibles in Diana's veins, and put the match in my hand that ſet fire to it.

Crotch. Now do I repent from my heart, that we provok'd that ſpiteful fellow Fulſome, who will play us ſome dog's trick in revenge, and perhaps break off the match.

Jack. But he won't break off this ſeal from the bond; and as for old Di, take my word for it ſhe'll not pay forfeit, but ſtart the race, and run it through even to the laſt.—Aha! my little noveliſt!

Enter LINDAMIRA.

Theod. Oh Lindamira, I've ſuch news to tell you.—

Jack. Huſh, mother, hold your tongue.

Theod. Such a piece of good fortune—your friend Jack is going to be married to Mrs. Diana Grampus with a monſtrous fortune;—the wedding clothes are bought, the equipage beſpoke, and there's the licence in Mr. Crotchet's hand.

Crotch. How your wits gallop!

Linda. Impoſſible, I never will believe it.

Jack. What a confounded blab you are!

Theod. Oh! I muſt have burſt if I had not told it to Lindamira; beſides I knew it would make her happy.

Linda. There you are out of your gueſs. [*aſide.*

Theod. Law, Lindy! what's the matter with you? you don't ſeem to rejoice with us.

Linda. The ſcene I have been employed upon, which is the cataſtrophe of my novel, dwells upon my mind; it is tragic in the deepeſt degree.—The faithleſs perjur'd lover after all his promiſes, forſakes the fond believing fair to wed with uglineſs and age for ſordid gold, and leaves her to expire with grief and diſappointment.

Jack. Why will you write any thing ſo out of nature? no ladies die of grief.

Linda. And no gentlemen marry for money—that is your doctrine perhaps, but I am afraid examples of both are to be

found, and will be found again; but as the happy event is ſo near at hand, and you are engaged with parchments, I ſhall take my leave. [*exit.*

Jack. You've done it, mother: there is more miſchief in that romantic girl's head, and more wit to execute it, than in forty Fulſome's. Come, let us quit this public-room, and go up ſtairs; I've ſomething to impart to you.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

A Room in Di Grampus's Houſe,

SQUIRE ROBERT *meeting* JACK CROTCHET.

Squire. Fire and faggot! brother traveller, what a blaze have you lighted up in this houſe; there's old Di in ſuch another taking—Zukers, how ſhe does fume! A ſteam engine is a fool to her. Never truſt me if I coud'nt have tugg'd that Fulſome by the ears, for the ſpiteful pains the thief took to put you out of favour with her: but keep a good heart, my brave fellow; and remember when I have ſaid the word, I have ſaid it: I have given you my hand once, and here it is again: I am your friend,—blow hot, blow cold, I never budge; one and the ſame for ever, that's my mark.

Jack. Squire Robert, you are a man after my own heart. I were a dog if I could look you in the face after this kindneſs, had I not proof poſitive in my pocket that I ſtruck no bargain with your aunt till ſhe had ſettled her whole fortune upon you by the ſame article that ſhe bound herſelf to marry me. There's a penalty of ten thouſand pounds if ſhe does not fulfil conditions; but if ſhe flouts me becauſe I am Jack Crotchet the printer's ſon, damme if I wou'd not be ſet in the pillory as my father was before me, rather than be tied up for life to a hyæna like her.

Squire.

Squire. Why that's honeſt—have you got it down in black and white?

Jack. Sign'd, ſeal'd, and witneſs'd—*ecce ſignum!* but here, you muſt take this bond.

Squire. I take it! What muſt I do with it?

Jack. Hold it ſafe, hard and faſt; let nobody have it out of your hands; 'tis your own ſecurity: when I call for you to produce it, have it ready—that's all you have to do.

Squire. Never fear me—ſafe bind, ſafe find. There it is.—[*puts it up*]—Hollo! Stand faſt—here comes the informer.

Enter FULSOME.

Jack. Hah! my friend Fulſome.

Ful. Hold there, I'm no friend of your's.

Jack. Yes, you are, and the beſt of friends. How kind is this viſit: I am heartily glad to ſee you; pray be ſeated.

Ful. Vain, idle, thoughtleſs man, you are doing the honors of a houſe, that you will not be ſuffered to remain in five minutes longer.

Jack. You are merry, always merry and facetious: no man's company more acceptable than Mr. Fulſome's—fine addreſs, ready genius, quick invention—only apt to enlarge a little in the recommendation of his friends.

Ful. I am very ſorry that ever I did enlarge in your recommendation, Sir; but I have taken ſhame to myſelf, and put Mrs. Diana in poſſeſſion of your real character.

Jack. I am glad of it, for then you diſclos'd your own; all the world muſt applaud you for that amiable zeal, which never boggles at a good-natured lie, when it is to ſerve a friend.

Ful. A lie do you call it, Sir; a lie?

Jack. I beg your pardon—a tranſgreſſion of the truth; a ſlip of memory; a trick of the traveller. Squire, let me preſent you to Mr. Fulſome, an author of high renown; this is the worthy gentleman, who told your aunt I was deſcended from an antient noble family, educated at the Univerſity, and deeply read in Greek and Latin: when all the world knows I am the ſon of a pillory printer, educated no where, and having learnt nothing:—if this gentleman is not a liar, who the deuce is?

Ful. If you call me a liar, Sir, I ſhall treat you worſe than your Captain did.

Jack. Captain Waterland was in the right, and I beg'd his pardon; now you are in the wrong, and I'm your man whenever you can find ſpirit enough to call upon me.

Squire. That's well ſaid, and I'm your ſecond.—So, now, Mr. Informer, name your weapons.

Ful. Weapons, Sir, weapons? I, I,—I don't fight duels—I accept no challenges; my pen is my weapon, and with that I know how to defend myſelf.

Squire. And ſtab your friend behind his back—that's your way of fighting, is it? then I have a great mind, ſirrah, you ſhall have a taſte of my way of fighting.

Jack. Let him alone; put him peaceably out of the houſe.

Squire. Here, Joe!

Enter JOE.

Joe. Your honor!

Squire. Turn this poltroon peaceably out of the houſe, and break his neck quietly down the ſtairs—The fellow's an informer.

Joe. Oh, the villain! Get along, you ugly toad; begone!

Ful. Keep the peace! You ſhall hear of this be aſſur'd.

Squire. Dammee! I'll have one kick before he goes.

[*Exeunt all but Jack.*

JACK.

Jack. Lindamira as I live—Now we ſhall have heroic paſſion in proſe run mad.

[*Sits down to a table, and takes up a newſpaper.*

LINDAMIRA, JACK CROTCHET.

Linda. Have I found you, baſe, perfidious monſter? Tremble, wretch, at the effects of my revenge, and learn too late how dreadful to awake the rage of her, who lov'd and was betray'd. Do you not hear me? Do you not regard me? What is this feign'd inſenſibility? Cool, deliberate villain, quit this nonſenſe, and attend to me.

[*Snatches the paper.*

Jack. Come, come, Lindamira, give me the paper; I was in the midſt of a very intereſting paragraph.

Linda.

Linda. I'll give you news, if that is what you thirſt for, news to ſtrike you dumb—you are ruin'd, and by me.

Jack. How ſo, my dear?

Linda. I've blaſted all your hopes, drawn you in ſhades black as your own perfidy, and held the horrid likeneſs up before the eyes of your aſtoniſht bride, that wou'd have been, but never will be now.

Jack. Oh! you've been with the lady up ſtairs, have you?

Linda. I have, and glory in a juſt revenge; I have inſpir'd her boſom with the rage that boils in mine.

Jack. You have done admirably well for me, but very ill for yourſelf, Lindamira. If the angry dame declares off, ſhe pays the penalty, and I have ten thouſand pounds in my pocket to marry as I like.

Linda. How! what? She forfeits ten thouſand pounds if ſhe does not marry you?—

Jack. Exactly ſo, and you have put her in the very humour to pay the bond.

Linda. How then is that ill for myſelf if you are ſet free?

Jack. Becauſe, my darling, I ſhou'd have laid it and your admirer at your lovely feet.

Linda. And what ſhou'd hinder you?

Jack. My conſcience: Taking your word for truth, that I am a baſe perfidious monſter, a cool deliberate villain, I really have not the face to approach ſo pure a being as you; your virtues awe me: I'll retire to ſome ſequeſtered cell, there practice faſting and repentance, and every morning for a penance read my Lindamira's novel, till by frequent meditation on your beautiful deſcriptions, I fall in love with purling ſtreams and flowery meads, and think no more of love and women.

Linda. Did you not deceive me, cruel man? Did you not uſe me baſely? Anſwer that!

Jack. We were poor, Lindamira: You had only a novel for your fortune, and I nothing but my good ſpirits to ſupport me: you wou'd not truſt to my honor, but catching at the very firſt word blabb'd out by a ſilly goſſip, ſtarted forth on your high horſe of heroics, and meant to cruſh me at once in the true tragedy ſtile of blank verſe

and

and revenge.---There's your anſwer, Lindamira; now, if you talk till to-morrow, I won't utter a ſyllable more.

[*ſits down.*

Linda. Wretched, wretched Lindamira! undone by my own raſh romantic folly. Oh! what had I to do with revenge? Deteſted paſſion, live only in a novel henceforward amongſt the wealthy and the great, thou art not fit for common life, and common folks like me.

[*Exit.*

SIR TOBY GRAMPUS, JACK.

Sir *Toby.* Your humble ſervant, learned Sir, your very humble ſervant!---I found a certain printer in an obſcure dirty lane, who writes John Crotchet on his ſhop-board, and boaſts himſelf to be your honor'd father: I aſk'd to be favor'd with a ſight of his illuſtrious pedigree from the antient Saxons of the heptarchy, but he declar'd it was not in his power to furniſh me with any lights into the records of his family farther than as he verily believ'd he had a father and mother, but even that, he ſaid, was matter of faith, and not of certainty.

Jack. Sir Toby Grampus, we that cannot count up our generations have oftentimes the ſenſe to outwit you, whoſe anceſtors hang by the wall from Hildebrand, the great Grampus in King Arthur's day, down to little Toby the ſprat, in good King George's, God bleſs him! One of your forefathers perhaps cou'd eat a whole veniſon paſty for his breakfaſt; another cou'd bend a kitchen-poker acroſs his arm, a third might keep hawks and greyhounds; what are they but a catalogue of inſignificants? One printer, one compoſitor, one poor corrector of the preſs, is worth them all, and his country gains more credit by his labors.

Toby. 'Fore George, my friend, I'm not ſure but you are in the right of it; I know little of my forefathers, but that that they liv'd on the ſame ſpot for many generations, and left me a fair eſtate to follow the ſame practice—Sir, I begin to perceive you are a very clever fellow, and if ſiſter Di is of the ſame opinion, I believe a little printer's ink mixt with our blood wou'd do the family no harm.

[*Exit.*

As

As JACK *is going out* DIANA *enters.*

DIANA, JACK.

Diana. Stop, Sir, a word with you if you pleaſe! whither are you going ſo dreſs'd out?

Jack. To paſs an hour at Ranelagh, to beat the round in ſearch of ſome kind humble girl, who will conſent to take up with a printer's ſon, that has ten thouſand pounds in his pocket, and an honeſt heart in his boſom. I find I am ſentenc'd to diſmiſſion from your favor.

Diana. Who tells you ſo?—Hang the fellow how agreeable he is!

Jack. Thoſe who told you how little I deſerve you—Fulſome and Lindamira.

Diana. Can you refute their evidence?

Jack. I ſhan't attempt it; I rather think they have not told you half my faults and failings.

Diana. That's ſincere, however.—He is really a fine figure.—Knowing yourſelf thus undeſerving, as you ſay you are, why did you ſtrive to make me like you?

Jack. Becauſe I lik'd you, I hope that's a natural reaſon.

Diana. Humph! there's a ſtrange mixture in your character, my friend, of good and bad, honeſty and deceit, reaſon and rhodomontade.

Jack. Yes, Madam, I am an odd unſettled fellow, made up of contraries, and 'tis a mere chance which way the tide turns me: good ſenſe and good humour in a wife wou'd guide me to happineſs, a fool or a ſhrew wou'd ſhipwreck me and herſelf.—And now, Madam, with your permiſſion I will take my leave; having pleaded guilty, I anticipate your ſentence.

Diana. Stop, Sir, perhaps my heart is not ſo hard as you ſuppoſe; you ſaid you lik'd me once; is your mind alter'd ſince?

Jack. I do not like your liſtening to informers: I cannot parry ſtabs behind my back. I ought to have been preſent.

Diana. Be preſent then! put off your jaunt to Ranelagh; I'll call my friends together, and you ſhall then be heard.

Jack. Agreed! till then farewell. [*Exit Diana.*

DIANA.

Diana. Well, go your ways, you are a dear, falſe, faſcinating rogue, and I know not what to do with you or without you. [*exit.*

SCENE—*Lady* JANE DANVERS' *Houſe.*

LADY JANE, CAPT. WATERLAND, LÆTITIA.

Læt. Well, if ever I met with ſuch a man in my life! Lady Jane, I'll be judged by you if I ought to believe one ſingle word that he ſays, or rather that he ſwears for he does nothing elſe.

Lady *Jane.* Give him a ſhort anſwer and ſend him away if he's troubleſome.

Læt. And ſo I will; what buſineſs has he to be talking to me about love? I never gave him any encouragement.

Lady *Jane.* To be ſure you did not. Your behaviour to him at the play, your letter about him to me, your treatment of him at your aunt's, all were clear proofs what you thought of him; but ſome men, and he is one, never will take an anſwer.

Capt. *Wat.* Oh thou ſweet enchanting lovely creature! every ſenſe is loſt in rapture while I gaze upon thee.

Læt. There now he has loſt his ſenſes—do hold your tongue; I wont be talk'd to in this way; I proteſt I'll tell my aunt of you. Do you think I'll have any thing to ſay to a fencing maſter? I declare Lady Jane I'm in the humour to take your advice and give him his anſwer once for all.

Lady *Jane.* By all means, Lætitia; a quick riddance of a troubleſome companion is the beſt.

Læt. Then I will do it—but firſt tell me, Sir, how long in honor and conſcience, you expect to live after I have given you a preremptory refuſal—Now mind what he'll ſay.

Capt. *Wat.* Not an hour, not a moment: it would be death upon the inſtant.

Læt. Look you there, now he's going to die, and fix the murder upon me; but I'll not have his life to anſwer for:—I'll not rob his friends of what they value, his country of what

what defends it, the world of what it admires, no, nor my own heart of what it loves and eſteems—ſo there's my hand!—Now, dear Lady Jane, hold him down and don't let him be romping and rioting about in this boiſterous manner, for I wont bear it.—Look, look, he's coming on.—Help, help—I'll raiſe the family—

[*He embraces her.*

Lady *Jane.* There, there! I ſhall have a ſcandal brought upon my houſe.—

Enter GEORGE WATERLAND.

Oh! theſe lovers, theſe lovers; Mr. Waterland, what ſhall we do with them?

George. Copy their example, if I dare tell you what I wiſh.

Lady *Jane.* Fie upon you! do you hear him, Lætitia? They are both in a league againſt us, and we good natur'd ſimple ſouls have thrown away our game by playing into their hands.

Læt. We are too good to them by half; kindneſs does but ſpoil them. Oh! that I had ſtudied the dear art of tormenting in good time.

Capt. *Wat.* Upon my life, George, theſe ladies do not do us juſtice, threat'ning us with the torture, when we have both behaved to admiration: Conſidering how much they have bleſs'd us, we ought at this moment to be gratefully out of our ſenſes.

George. For my part I diſclaim all reſponſibility, for I move but as the miſtreſs of my ſoul directs; in her hand are all thoſe ſprings, that give it joy or ſorrow, health or ſickneſs, life or death.

Lady *Jane.* Well, my dear Lætitia, I know not what elſe we can do but make a common cauſe and hold lovingly together as friends and ſiſters ſhould.

Capt. *Wat.* As ſiſters, lovely Lætitia—do you mark that?

Læt. Certainly; I mark nothing elſe: The honor of calling Lady Jane my ſiſter will be a conſolation under all my ſufferings. But firſt let me have a ſpecimen of your dutiful behaviour to your aunt Di—I take upon me to in-

vite this good company into counſel upon the grand matter in immediate debate.

George. What is the queſtion?

Læt. To wed, or not to wed,—that is the queſtion—loſe no time; for, as I take it, we are all juſt now in the cue to vote for the affirmitive.

Lady *Jane.* Delicious! aunt Di ſtruck by the arrows of blind Cupid, and our Box-lobby friend the happy man.—

Læt. Even ſo—

"The happy bridegroom he, and ſhe the blooming bride."

George. But ſhall we be welcome after all?

Læt. I'll engage for that.—Let us ſet off, we ſhall juſt fill the coach. [*exeunt,*

SCENE changes.

DIANA GRAMPUS *alone.*

Was ever woman ſo perplex'd, diſtracted and diſtreſt? I cannot ſtate a reaſon for rejecting this young man, but one ſtarts up to reconcile me to him: no ſooner do I lean to mercy, but my pride cries out for vengeance; if love pleads to marry him, prudence whiſpers me to let it alone: well, well, but what ſignifies her whiſper, when love has all the talk to himſelf? I'll fairly put the pro's and con's for the laſt time, and let the ſtrongeſt carry it.—He's a beggar: granted; that I knew from the firſt:—he's a low-born fellow, that I did not know, and that's a ſtaggering circumſtance—but who's to find it out? He's airy, gay, genteel, well-dreſt: what has the world to do with pedigrees?—He's ignorant, unlearn'd, uneducated—be it ſo! He's not pedantic, therefore not conceited, crabbed, a mere book-worm; won't diſpute authorities with me, nor wrangle in theology and metaphyſics, where the walk will be my own. He is, he is—huſh, in ſhort he is here, and all objections vaniſh.

Enter JACK.

JACK CROTCHET, DIANA GRAMPUS.

Jack. Moſt perfect of your ſex—your criminal preſents himſelf for judgement; try me with candour, but decide with juſtice. I pray call your Counſel into Court.

Enter GEORGE WATERLAND, Capt. WATERLAND, Lady JANE DANVERS, Sir TOBY GRAMPUS, 'SQUIRE ROBERT, and LÆTITIA.

Diana. Brother and nephew, and you, my dear Læti-

tia, and this your kind and noble friend, are welcome; theſe gentlemen alſo, your ſecond ſelves, are welcome: they I know are parties, that can judge in caſes of the heart; they are alſo honorable men, to whom I need not bluſh to make my weakneſs known, for I confeſs it is a weakneſs that has brought me into this dilemma, and conſtrained me to appeal to you my friends for counſel and advice.

George. Madam, we come with honeſt hearts to ſerve you; not with baſe deſign to expoſe and publiſh what we hear; we hold for ſacred all that you confide to us.

Capt. *Wat.* Here is my pledge, and of your own beſtowing; I were a wretch too baſe to breathe; cou'd I betray you.

Squire. And here am I, your nephew, more beholden to you than all; but when I ſee this man alone without a friend, I'll riſque your anger, and turn over to the weakeſt ſide. Now come on as ſoon as you pleaſe.

George. By heavens! a noble fellow.

Toby. Bob, Bob! are you wiſe?

Squire. No, father, but I'm honeſt.

Diana. Now, Sir, be pleaſed to anſwer to a few plain queſtions:—you came into this family recommended to me as a gentleman every way qualified to direct the education of my nephew: I receiv'd you, approv'd of you, was pleaſed with you; your manners, your appearance, your addreſs engag'd me; my partiality for you went great lengths; regarding you as the deſcendant of a noble family, I pitied you, nay more, with bluſhes I confeſs I lov'd you. Are you the well-born gentleman, that I was taught to believe you?

Jack. I am not.

Squire. That's an anſwer.

Diana. Are you the man of literature—the ſcholar?

Jack. Nothing leſs.

Squire. So far, ſo good.

Diana. What ſort of education had you?

Jack. None: you took that on the word of Fulſome; let him appear and anſwer for himſelf.

Squire. He'll hardly do that; I kick'd him out of the houſe this morning.

Capt. *Wat.* Bravo! little Monmouthſhire, I adore your pirit

Diana

Diana. You are the ſon of a printer.

Jack. I am; many reſpectable men are of that calling; I don't ſay my father is one of them, but ſuch as he is, he ſhall appear: come in, if you pleaſe.

Enter Old CROTCHET.

Diana. Your name is Crotchet.

Crotch. John Crotchet is my name, and this is my ſon; if you have any commands in my way, I ſhall be proud to ſerve you: I believe that gentleman was in my ſhop this morning.

Toby. I was ſo; I purchas'd two books of you.

Crotch. Fulſome's Travels; I believe you never had more lies for your money.

Diana. We'll proceed, if you pleaſe—Did you not promiſe marriage to a certain girl nam'd Lindamira?

Jack. She told you ſo; I have been in ſearch of her, but cannot find her.

Crotch. I don't know how you ſhou'd; for ſhe has run off with that ſcoundrel Fulſome, both in my debt: It is not a firſt time I have ſuffer'd by that fellow: It is a printer's honour not to give up his principal, the raſcal was the author of a libel, for which I ſtood the pelting.

Squire. Oh, that I had known it! I wou'd have given him t'other kick for that.

Jack. Now, madam, you have pretty nearly the ſum total of my crimes: If every man was ſifted ſo minutely, few wou'd eſcape uncenſur'd. You favor'd me with your regards, and unſolicited propoſed to marry me on terms, that my conſcience, bad as you may think me, revolted from: I ſtipulated for your rightful heir your nephew, accepting for myſelf a ſmall annuity.

Toby. A very noble action let me tell you.

Jack. I influenc'd you to give your niece the freedom of her choice; you generouſly complied; a worthy gentleman has cauſe to bleſs you for the deed.

Capt. *Wat.* Oh Heavens! I muſt embrace this man.

Jack. I ſuffer'd you to force a bond upon me, by which you guarantee'd your marriage on the penalty of ten thouſand pounds. I did not think you likely to incur the forfeiture, and therefore diſregarded the amount: Now, Madam, though I am not worth a doit, I have a ſpirit, that diſdains

diſdains to puniſh any lady, who repents of having lik'd me.—Your nephew has the bond—I never ſhall enforce it.

Crotch. The fellow's a fool.

Squire. Here, here it is, aunt Di. Now who ſays Jack Crotchet is not a noble fellow?

Diana. This act indeed is noble.

George. I muſt be known to him—Sir, give me leave to take you by the hand. Whilſt I am living, you ſhall never want a friend.

Capt. *Wat.* You are the author of my happineſs, my benefactor.

Jack. I hope that Lady can forgive my rudeneſs at the play.

Læt. I bleſs the hour we met.

Lady *Jane.* Madam, there is but one voice amongſt us, and that to give you joy.

Toby. She'll marry him, I know ſhe'll marry him. Come, come, a general reconciliation.

Squire. Aye, aye, you're all come over to my ſide at laſt.

Diana. I am convinc'd.—And now, if theſe fair brides will join their lovers hands as cordially as I do mine, Hymen will never welcome a more happy groupe.

Squire. They'll do't, they'll do't! huzza! we are all in the way to be married.

Lady *Jane.* With heart and hand I join.

[*taking George's hand.*

Læt. And I with hand and heart.

[*taking Capt. Waterland's hand.*

Jack. And I with both my hands, and all the hearts I have—A heart to honor you, a heart to ſerve you, and a heart to love you:—When you're ſad I'll make you merry; when you're ſick I'll make you well. With all my wordly poſſeſſions I endow you; with all my learning I celebrate you; with all my titles I enoble you.—One reſerve only I keep to myſelf, gratitude for your favours, and zeal to merit the protection of this candid audience

END OF THE COMEDY.

EPILOGUE.

Written by GEORGE COLMAN, jun. Esq.

IN days of yore, when Knights were cas'd in mail,
Like lobſters in a ſhell, from head to tail;
When ſparring nobles, challeng'd to the liſts,
Deem'd it ignoble e'er to ſpar with fiſts;
Stout were their limbs, and ſturdy were their blows;
They met, were ſlain, or elſe they ſlew their foes:
In modern Challenges how heroes dwindle!
In arms thy're nothing—and in legs they're ſpindle!
And, ah! how ſhocking to a Peer of old
Some pugiliſtic Noble to behold!
Who, when one brute his brother brute oppoſes,
Stands umpire of black eyes and bloody noſes!
How wou'd the Champions, clad in iron ſuits,
Stare at *our* Champions in round hats and boots!
Stare, to ſee Jacky give his card to Bobby,
And 'Prentice challenge 'Prentice in the Lobby.
That ſuch things are we witneſs ev'ry day,
When heroes quit the counter for the Play.
When Green-box Errants hurl the ſharp retort,
Eager for fame, and hot with Beaufoy's port!
"Who *are* you, Sir?"—"Who am I?—why I'm—Phoo!"
"The world knows me, Sir,---damme, who are you?
"Meet me to-morrow morning, in Hyde Park"——
"I'm Mr. Plumb, the Banker's, fifteenth Clerk."—
Oh! may theſe warriors of the Deſk and Quill
Purſue their petty broils and Challenge ſtill;
Of ſuch contentions wholeſome be the fruit!
And Duelling be brought to diſrepute;
May Engliſhman no Engliſhman oppoſe,
But wield his ſword againſt *our common foes!*